

THE  
CRITICAL REVIEW.

For the Month of *March*, 1761.

ARTICLE I.

*The Modern Part of an Universal History, from the earliest Account of Time. Compiled from Original Writers. By the Authors of the Antient Part. Vol. XXVII.*

THE volume of this performance now under consideration, is recommended by a circumstance that distinguishes it from all the preceding, and cannot fail of rendering it acceptable to the public; we mean, the novelty of the subject. Though the antiquity of Venice, the reputation of its laws, the once-flourishing state of its commerce, the stability of its constitution, the importance to all Europe of the wars waged by this powerful maritime republic, might reasonably be supposed to excite curiosity, yet have foreigners been satisfied with the superficial accounts of travellers, and the works of Venetian writers, who have related the occurrences of particular periods, in languages understood only by the learned, and with that caution absolutely necessary to the subjects of so jealous a government. Even the English and French, who abound in histories of every other people on earth, have shewn no curiosity about the affairs of the Venetians, notwithstanding they were long the chief support of the latter in Italy, and the authors of the Levant trade, by which the former have so greatly profited. Not a syllable of the history of the republic is to be met with in the language of this country; and except the clumsy obsolete translation by Fougasse, and the late compilation, by the abbé Laguier, the French tongue is equally barren in historians. It is true, indeed, that Amelot, Miffon, Addison, Burnet, Keyfler, Blainville, and other travellers and political writers, have described the city, the curiosities, the manners of the people, the frame of the Venetian constitution, and other particulars relative to the present state of the republic; but we find no-

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thing, besides a few detached imperfect anecdotes, on the origin, the progress, the full growth and decline of this celebrated maritime power. As what we have said is alone sufficient to engage the attention of the curious reader, we shall enter upon our review without farther preface.

Previous to the history, our authors exhibit a short sketch of the origin and present state of Venice. The antiquity of this city will appear from the following short extract. 'Historians (say our authors) are no less divided concerning the time and manner of building the city, than about its origin. What the earliest Italian writers relate has much the appearance of panegyric, and historical flattery. Jorandes affirms, that Attila advancing to Aquileia, the capital of the province of Venetia, invested it, and after a siege of three months, during which the garrison performed prodigies of valour, took it by assault, pillaged and laid the city in ashes, putting all those to the sword who fell into his hands; intending, by this barbarous usage, and savage ferocity, to strike terror into the other cities, and frighten them into submission. Some later writers are of opinion, that on this occasion the inhabitants of the province of Venetia, and the miserable remains of Aquileia, Verona, Mantua, Treviso, and other cities destroyed by this barbarian, retired to the islands on their coast, and there laid the first foundation of the city of Venice, calling it after the name of the province. Idatius and Jorandes fix this memorable event about the end of the year 451, or the beginning of 452 of the christian æra.

'Most writers date the foundation of the city thirty-one years earlier. They say, that after the removal of the seat of empire by Constantine into the East, Italy was afflicted with a series of calamities, and perpetually harrassed with the incursions of barbarous nations: that the Huns, led on by Attila, that scourge of humanity, after having defeated Macrinus, governor of Pannonia and Macedonia, was advancing towards Italy, destroying every thing with fire and sword, leaving every where the vestiges of a disposition truly barbarous and brutal: that upon the news of his approach, the richest and most powerful families on the coast of the Adriatic Sea, struck with the terror of his arms, retired with their most valuable effects into the little islands of the Rialto, as into a place of security: there they laid the foundations of a city which should protect them against those barbarians, and secure their religion, their liberty, their families, and wealth. Thus they suppose, that Attila penetrated twice into Italy, a fact that is disputed by other writers.'

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After describing the situation of Venice, and enumerating the different countries under the dominion of the republic, our authors assign the following reasons for the stability of the Venetian constitution, and the duration of liberty, amidst the vicissitudes and the attempts of potent neighbours, and ambitious subjects.

‘ First, her firm attachment to her general principles ; it being a maxim of the Venetian government, that innovation and change produce greater abuses than those inconveniencies they were intended to remedy. Hence her decrees are irrevocable.

‘ The prudent and wise manner in which she has ballanced between the contending powers of Europe, throwing herself always into the lighter scale, in order to preserve a just political balance.

‘ The knowledge, judgment, and experience of her senators, who are obliged to perform a kind of probation in the several inferior employments of the state, before they are admitted to the highest council of the republic.

‘ The judicious and equitable distribution of rewards and punishments, as they are appointed by the laws. Here alone it is, that the smallest offence against the state, or suspicion of an attack upon the liberty of the people, is punished with immediate death ; while the industrious, useful, and ingenious citizen and mechanic, is sure of being rewarded. Here alone it is, that corruption and venality are crimes of as heinous a nature as treason : that even an attempt to purchase a place under the government, or a voice in the senate, is made capital ; that the nobility, officers, and gentlemen are forbid, under the severest penalties, to accept of presents from foreign states ; and even the ambassadors obliged to account, to the full value, for any gifts and favours conferred upon them by the courts where they reside.

‘ We may add, the extraordinary secrecy enjoined in all state affairs ; and the severe and rigid laws against the betrayers of public trust, and revealers of the mysteries of the cabinet.

‘ The restraints with which the laws have clogged the prerogatives of the sovereign, who is in fact little more than president of the supreme council of the nation, with the badges rather of rank than of power ; and the bounds prescribed to the wealth and ambition of the subject.

‘ The exclusion from all places of profit or civil power, the clergy and every member of the church, and confining their authority wholly to ecclesiastical affairs. Among the causes of

stability of this republic, we may likewise reckon the patriotic disposition and sincere love of their country and constitution, observable even in the Venetians of meaner rank; the address and policy of her ambassadors; the great riches of her bank; and in short, the very model and form of the constitution and government.

The Venetians boast, that their liberties have remained for 1300 years untouched; but it appears in course of the history, that the government has sustained frequent revolutions. First, the city was governed by consuls, who were soon exchanged for tribunes. Those magistrates continued for near 300 years; but upon abusing their authority, and, like the decemvirs of Rome, assuming a despotic power, they were laid aside for a kind of monarchical government, where the sovereignty was vested in the person of the doge. Before we proceed to the different revolutions in this government, we shall stop to point out a few of our authors reflections on the different departments of the Venetian constitution.

‘ It is observable (say they) that from the time the republic was first governed by a sovereign, every alteration and change of the constitution served to limit and retrench his authority. The Venetians are perfectly satisfied, that the liberty of the people is incompatible with the interests of the prince, who assumes a power superior to the laws; he is therefore not only subjected without reserve, but clogged by particular restrictions, which would seem to render his condition inferior to that of a private senator. Dispatches are made in his name, and the letters of foreign courts addressed to him; but he delivers them unopened to the senate, and reports their answer to the ambassadors. To keep him in continual remembrance that his power is subordinate to the senate and council, they forbear the examination of all propositions made by the ministers of other states, until the doge and his counsellors have withdrawn. His answers to foreign ministers must be general; if they should prove displeasing to the senate, he is sure to meet with rough checks and sensible mortifications. Nor is it in these audiences only the doge must square his conduct to the narrow bounds of his authority; it is likewise in particulars where his passions, his humanity, and happiness are concerned. He can neither marry, visit, or stir out of the city without leave. If he sets foot on the continent, his authority ceases: and indeed, solitude and dependence would appear to be the distinguishing and essential qualities of his function. It is true, the doge is addressed with the respect paid to a sovereign prince; he is attended with the ensigns and badges of royalty; and, in short, enjoys the whole  
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pomp, pageantry, and *circumstance* of power, without the authority.

Having described the nature of the senate, the seignory, the savi, and other colleges, they proceed to the following reflections. 'It must however be acknowledged, that what the Venetians call the basis of their government, and prop of the constitution, the state inquisition, and its horrid train of spies, emissaries, and informers, wears an ugly aspect, and contradicts the practice of the most civilized nations and best regulated states. It may have discovered attempts, and frustrated conspiracies against the government; but surely nothing can reconcile a man, born under the influence of liberty, and nursed in the lap of freedom, to so horrid, cruel, and arbitrary a jurisdiction. Informers have ever been esteemed the pests of society, and instruments of tyranny; and they were the detestation of Greece and Rome as long as liberty remained. But Venice gives them the protection of her laws, and pensions from the government, upon the most infamous and pernicious footing; their informations are received in a secret manner, thrown into a stone appropriated for that purpose, and anonymous. Thus the excellencies of the Venetian constitution are weighed down by faults of so gross and enormous a nature, as one would think less tolerable than the most despotic and absolute monarchy.'

Our authors conclude the present state of Venice with an account of the church government; in which we find that ecclesiastics are wholly excluded the councils and employments of the state.

The picture given of the incipient state of Venice, from the ancient writers of the republic, is extremely beautiful. 'If we credit them (say our authors) the great delicacy and scrupulous exactness in the choice of members composing this little community, is beyond example: the purest religion, the most unblemished morals, rigid virtue and integrity, together with a certain degree of wealth and quality, were indisputable qualifications of those admitted to the privileges of the city.

'Cassiodorus relates, that one would have taken this multitude of people rather for a numerous seminary of philosophers living at their ease, cultivating the duties of religion and virtue, and enjoying a perfect tranquility, than for the concourse of a distressed, clamorous, and disorderly rabble. They contended not in luxury, ostentation, and expence; but in moderation, chastity, and virtue. Riches, honours, ambition, and the train of evils which constitute the great concern of the rest of mankind, had no charms for the Venetians: rich and poor lived upon a familiar equality. Property was common to all, and en-

tirely devoted to the occasions of the public. Merit was the only distinction; that alone was esteemed true nobility which was acquired by virtue. Industry and frugality were commended, as they were useful to the community; virtue and piety, as they ennobled the man by the practice of what became a rational creature. Upon these their conferences turned, and upon these alone their quarrels, if any, arose. Power and authority were conferred on modest merit; the voluptuous, the presuming, and worldly-minded, were excluded from public trust and credit.'

Under such auspices did this republic receive her first laws, ordinances, and regulations; in such practices and studies did she pass her amiable infancy, until the abolition of the consular power in the 36th year of the city.

The causes of abolishing the tribunitian power, which succeeded the consular, are thus distinctly related in the account of the general assembly, held for new-modelling the constitution. Here the tribunes 'were accused of extortion, cruelty, murder, and tyranny. It was asserted, that the republic must fall; their liberties be annihilated; their wives and children exposed to unbridled lust, and their property to the rapacious avarice of those merciless tyrants, unless an end was put to their authority, by introducing another form of government. After various speeches, debates, and proposals, the assembly proceeded to business. Numberless defects in their present constitution were remarked. They observed, that a power of convoking the great council was lodged in no part of the state; that the various opinions and clashing interests of so numerous an assembly, without a head, was attended with discord animosity; that having no one to direct their proceedings, they were slow, irresolute, and without vigour in their measures; that the public affairs were conducted rather according to the passions and interest of factions, than the occasions of the state; and, that the executive power was necessarily transferred to the tribunes, who were often ignorant, of mean extraction, and low fortune. Hence arose the abuse of their authority; ignorance is ever the foundation of conceit; meanness of insolence; and poverty begets oppression and avarice. They likewise remarked, that unanimity and concord could never exist in a state where the chief members were unconnected; that the tribunes, being excluded from a seat in the assembly, must of course be ignorant of the sense and spirit of many of the laws committed to their care; that as they formed no regular council among themselves, the distribution of justice must vary in the several districts of the city; the laws be local; one part of the nation  
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groaning under bondage, while the other enjoyed the sweets of liberty ; and the happiness of the people depending upon the humour, disposition, or caprice of a few petty magistrates. The result was, to abolish the tribunitian power, and in its stead to elect a *duke* or *doge*, in whom should be vested the supreme authority. He was to represent the honour and majesty of the state ; to have respect and distinction paid him superior to what the tribunes, or even the consuls, enjoyed ; he was to assemble and preside at the great council ; to have a casting vote in all disputed points ; to nominate to all offices, places, and preferments ; and lastly, to enjoy the same supremacy in the church as in the state.

‘ Paulatio, of Heraclea, is supposed to have procured the election to fall upon himself, by his dexterity, address, and intrigues. He was a man of fine talents, specious eloquence, handsome and intrepid. His generosity had made him popular, and his experience in public business necessary in the assembly. He never countenanced those factions which disturbed the tranquility of the republic, though it is imagined that when discord ran high, he applied to his own purposes the divisions which he could not heal. In short, his cool prudence, his insinuating manner, and artful conduct, had so greatly influenced the assembly, that he was elected sovereign by the unanimous concurrence of the council, to the great joy of the people, who were extravagant in the demonstrations of their satisfaction.’

Many occurrences are related in a different manner, by our authors, from what they are generally believed. According to them, the conspiracy formed under the administration of Pietro Gradonico, by that ambitious nobleman Baimonti Thiepolo, whom the Italians still stigmatize with the name of the Venetian Cataline, arose from no misconduct of the doge ; it had its birth wholly from aspiring villainy. ‘ The scheme (say they) was laid to enter the palace, murder the doge, council, and senate ; to assume the reins of authority ; divide among the conspirators the property and power of the deceased ; and to rule with an arbitrary sway, without restriction of oaths, or controul of councils and senates. A multitude of the common people, either from the love of novelty, or the speciousness of their reasoning, and force of money and promises, were gained. Upon the day fixed for the execution of their wicked purpose, secret notice of it was sent by an unknown hand to the doge, who immediately communicated it to some of the senators in whom he could most confide. The senators were scarce assembled, with such of their friends as the short notice would suffer them to collect, when the conspirators assaulted the palace : the

alarm instantly spread over the city, and brought every man attached to the constitution to the assistance of the doge and senate. In the mean time the conspirators had filled the spacious market-place of St. Mark's with their armed associates. Here a furious battle began: on one side stood Baimonti and the conspirators, endeavouring to destroy liberty, property, and the common rights of humanity; on the other, the doge and senate, bravely resolved to perish with their freedom. Gradonico animated his party by his speech and example: they pressed forward upon the conspirators, who finding themselves inferior in number, and disappointed in their hopes of taking them unprepared, began to give way. Justiniano seasonably coming up, with a fresh body of men he had collected together, attacked the conspirators vigorously in the rear, broke them, and made prodigious slaughter. Baimonti perceiving his party giving way, was the first to desert, as he had been the foremost in promoting the villainous design: he endeavoured to escape, but was knocked down by a large stone a woman let fall upon his head from her window, and, before he could recover himself, was taken and cut in pieces by some of the doge's friends who pursued him: the rest were almost all either taken or killed. The arms of Baimonti and his accomplices were erased out of the public records, their houses pulled down, estates confiscated, and families for ever banished the city and dominions of the republic. This happy delivery from oppression, bondage, and death, is to this day yearly commemorated at Venice.

If we credit Amelot and Blainville, the motives of this conspiracy were not only laudable but truly public-spirited; and they mention, in proof of their allegation, a manuscript handed round Italy, and even Venice, which the senate have used their utmost endeavours to suppress. The ducal throne being vacant in the year 1290, Blainville says, in 1310, Pietro Gradonico, and Tiepolo, were candidates for the sovereignty. The first was supported by the intrigues of the senate, and the latter by the affections of the people. When the superior cunning of Gradonico triumphed over his competitor, he resolved to avenge himself on the popular party, and for this purpose began re-formations in the council, to which he would admit only the nobility. This stroke, though particularly levelled at his private enemies, proved nevertheless almost fatal to the constitution. The burghers and merchants were not only deprived of the privileges, but several very considerable families, whose nobility was disputed. Such a revolution could not be effected without great tumult and disorder; the plebeians beheld with indignation the injustice done them, and many of the nobility were chagrined at a design, the consequences of which they

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foresaw. Baimonti Tiepolo, the head of an ancient family, was of this number; he joined the plebeians in opposing the violences of the court. However he might be actuated against the doge by disappointment and private resentment, on this occasion his conduct must be applauded. He assembled a number of the principal burghers at his house, and harangued them with the eloquence of a Cicero, and the seeming integrity of a Cato. His whole design was to seize on the person of the doge, and the principal senators, to frustrate the attempt to alter the constitution, and to procure a new and free election of a sovereign; but the issue proved fatal to himself and his adherents. All the Venetian writers vindicate the conduct of the doge and senate; the error has been propagated through fear, and adopted by the authors of the Universal History, from too implicit a reliance on the historians of the republic.

Several other conspiracies, the wars carried on against Genoa, a sister and rival republic, against Visconti, duke of Milan, the emperors, the French kings, and the infidels, are all succinctly related; but we could wish our authors had been more explicit on the civil transactions of the republic. The truth is, their materials in this respect are greatly deficient: almost all the Venetian historians treat only of particular periods, rendered interesting by some important war, to describe which they apply their whole attention. Possibly too, the civil transactions of a state, where the springs of action are kept a profound secret, could furnish no great entertainment. Probably some readers may think our historians less excuseable, for repeating the speeches of princes, generals, and ambassadors, which cannot always be well attested; however, though this species of rhetorical ornament is now generally condemned as inconsistent with the integrity of rigid historians, it ought to be considered, that our authors go upon the best authority; as the only Venetian historians of repute, were either members of the senate, of the seignory, the council *di dieci*, or the state inquisition, whence their testimony cannot reasonably be questioned. In many instances the motives of particular measures cannot be so elegantly related, or the characters of personages so strongly marked, as by a speech pronounced on some important occasion. We shall give the reader a specimen of the talents of our authors in this way:

The origin of the war between Philip duke of Milan, and the Venetian republic, is related in the following manner:

‘ Philip was a minor at his father’s death, and, like most other children in their pupilage, robbed, plundered, and oppressed by those very guardians who were bound in honour, conscience,

conscience, and by the laws of nature, to protect his infancy: his dominions were made a prey to the neighbouring petty princes and states, and in the course of a few years passed into the hands of a variety of masters. Philip was no sooner of age to take upon him the government of the little dominion left, than he attempted to recover those cities and provinces of which he was plundered in his minority. By his own valour, and the great abilities of Francisco Carmagnola, he not only won back what lawfully belonged to him, but greatly extended his territories beyond what the family ever possessed. In the career of the victory he invested Genoa, reduced it to great extremities, and compelled the Genoese to purchase peace with a prodigious sum of money, for the payment of which the Florentines were bound sureties, the strong city Leghorn, at the mouth of the river Arno, being pledged to them for their security and indemnification. The Florentines interfering in this affair produced a coldness between Philip and that republic, which he soon improved into an open rupture. Under the pretext of assisting pope Martin, he attacked and defeated the Florentine army near Zagonere: this was the gloss Philip gave this transaction at foreign courts, in order to conceal his ambition. Other battles were fought afterwards, until the Florentines, finding themselves unequal to Philip's power, had recourse for assistance to the Venetians. The republic had refrained from taking part in the quarrel, as long as there was hope that the Florentines could stand their ground, and with their own strength check the progress of this conqueror; but finding the balance greatly preponderate in favour of Philip, the Venetians were induced to throw themselves in the opposite scale, from that constant maxim of their government, to pay a strict attention to the just political poise. First they endeavoured, by repeated embassies, to reconcile Philip to the Florentines, all of which, like a true politician, he received graciously, and dismissed with strong promises and assurances of what he never intended to perform. The republic was no less artful than Philip; under pretence of placing an intire confidence in what he said, they were making all the necessary preparations to oblige him to make good his assurances. At last, when every thing was in readiness for declaring war, Paolo Cornaro was sent to demand a categorical answer. Cornaro addressed the prince in substance to the following effect: "That of all the princes on earth his highness had the greatest reason to acknowledge the goodness of Providence by a just and equitable conduct, since, under the protection of the Almighty, he had not only recovered, but greatly extended his lawful dominions: that he was quietly in possession of a fine country, exceeded by no other in the fertility of soil, the beauty of its cities, the temperature of  
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its climate, and the ingenuity of its inhabitants. His youth, his activity, his valour, and prudence, he acknowledged, deserved, and were able to procure greater territories, but this could not be effected consistently with that first principle of christianity, 'do as you would be done by.' It was with the utmost grief, he said, that his masters found themselves under the necessity of remonstrating to him on this head, and of assuring him that justice to their neighbours, to their allies, to themselves, and to the precepts of their religion, obliged them to leave no means untried to prevent the oppression of the weak, and stem the ambition and avarice of the more powerful: that if he did not immediately recal his army from Tuscany; if he did not cease to molest the Florentines in particular, and could not confine himself within the large circle of the fine dominions it had pleased God to bestow on him, they would, without farther notice, break off their alliance, join themselves to the Florentines, and with all the force of their republic, by sea and land, wage incessant war, until his ambition was humbled, and his power reduced within proper limits." Philip was stung with the spirited remonstrance of Cornaro; but always subjecting his passions to his interest, he replied, that out of respect to the Venetian republic he would submit the dispute with Florence to the arbitration of Nicholas D'Æste, whose integrity could not be called in question. Satisfied with this answer, Cornaro returned to Venice, and was soon followed by two ambassadors from Visconti. Philip had heard that the Florentines were preparing an ambassy to the republic; he therefore dispatched Giovanni Aretini, and Bertrand Lampugniani, to frustrate the effects, and prevent violent resolutions. The first audience was given to the Tuscan ministers, who pathetically represented all the miseries of a free state, in danger of being overwhelmed by the merciless and inexorable ambition of a tyrant; the duty incumbent on free constitutions to oppose, with all their might, the encroachments of ambitious princes and monarchs; an attack upon Florence, they said, was an attack upon liberty, and the prelude to an attempt on the freedom of Venice. Some little difference there was in the natural dispositions of tyrants, some were less, some more cruel; but the invariable and fixt object of their policy in general, was the destruction of liberty, and establishment of bondage. They enumerated instances of Philip's cunning, speciousness, vigilance, activity, intrepidity, and power; and from each drew arguments for the necessity of curbing his ambition. They concluded with a warm and pathetic exhortation, which excited violent emotions in the breast of every senator. On the one side the power and ambition of Philip was formidable to liberty; on the other, the expence of the war was great, and the

the issue hazardous : here the voice of liberty and compassion called, there fear and the dread of shame restrained. To disengage themselves from this perplexity, before any reply was made to the Florentines, the duke's ambassadors were called in, when Aretini, the most artful and eloquent speaker of his country, addressed the doge and senate in a speech suitable to his character. He began with engaging the affections of his audience, soothing their passions, and explaining the nature of his instructions : he proceeded to some severe strictures upon the Florentines, to refute their assertions, and vindicate the measures and character of his master. " They instance, says he, Philip of Macedon, Mithridates, and Antiochus, as implacable foes to the liberties of Greece and Rome ; but why do they omit Persenna, who at one blow had almost crushed in its infancy the greatest republic on earth ? for this reason only, that they would not recal to your memory that Tuscany had ever produced a tyrant. But if the Florentines are fond of their erudition, why did they not likewise mention Hieron, Massinissa, the Ptolemies, and Attalus, the most staunch and faithful allies Rome ever had ? King Lewis, they say, was a capital enemy to your republic, so was Carrario ; but then the Visconti's, for above an hundred years, loved, cherished, and esteemed the Venetians ; a perpetual intercourse of friendly offices, treaties, and alliances, subsisted between them, and will continue to subsist after the slanderous, the artful, and the false Florentines are annihilated and forgot."

The eloquence of Aretini could not shut the eyes of the Venetians to their true interest. They perceived Philip's ambition ; they foresaw all the consequences ; and they determined to clip the soaring wings, which must one day convey inevitable destruction to the republic. Accordingly they declared war against Milan, and supported it with that spirit and obstinacy for which they have ever been distinguished.

The courage and perseverance of the Venetians never appeared in a more conspicuous manner than at the siege of Famagosta, a city of Cyprus, invested by the Turks in the year 1571. This city, after a long and obstinate siege, was at length surrendered to the Turkish bashaw, on condition, ' that the officers and soldiers should march out with all the honours of war, drums beating, colours flying, five pieces of cannon, all their baggage, and be conveyed in safety to Candia under an escort of three Turkish gallies ; and that the inhabitants should remain in the free use of their religion, untouched in their property, and in full possession of their freedom. These conditions having been mutually signed, the garrison marched out,



out, and the soldiers embarked on board the ships provided for them by Mustapha. Next day Bragadino went to pay his compliments to Mustapha, attended by Baglioni, Martinenga, and some of the chief officers. At first they met with a civil reception, Mustapha ordering a seat to be placed for Bragadino on his own right hand. They soon entered into discourse about the prisoners; and Mustapha taxing Bragadino with some violences committed by the garrison during the suspension granted for settling a capitulation, Bragadino, with a generous disdain, denied the charge, calling it false and designing. Upon which Mustapha, rising up in a fury, ordered him to be bound hand and foot, and the others massacred before his face, without regard to hospitality, their bravery, the treaty subsisting, or their being unarmed. Bragadino was reserved for a cruel treatment; after being insulted with the most vilifying and opprobrious language; after undergoing the most excruciating tortures; after having his ears, nose, and lips slit, his neck was stretched upon a block, and trampled upon by the dastardly Mustapha, who asked him where was now that Christ whom he worshipped, and why he did not deliver him out of his hands. At the same time the soldiers on board the fleet were despoiled of every thing, and lashed to the oars. This day's work being finished, Mustapha entered the city, where he gave immediate orders that Tiepolo should be hanged upon a gibbet. A few days after, before Bragadino had recovered from the wounds he received, he was carried in derision to all the breaches made in the walls, loaded with buckets filled with earth and mortar, and ordered to kiss the ground as often as he passed by Mustapha; a spectacle that raised pangs of pity in the callous hearts of the meanest Turkish soldiers, but could not move compassion in the obdurate breast of Mustapha. Afterwards the brave Bragadino was cooped up in a cage, and ignominiously hung to a sail-yard in one of the galleys, where his intrepid soldiers were chained to the oars. This sight rendered them almost furious: they exclaimed against the baseness, the treachery of Mustapha: they called aloud for revenge, and desired to be set at liberty that they might, even without arms, rescue their brave general, and inflict the deserved punishment upon their mean, dastardly, and cowardly foes. Their request was answered with cruel lashes; Bragadino was taken down, conducted to the market-place, amidst the din of trumpets, drums, and other warlike instruments, where he was flayed alive, and a period put to his glorious life. His skin was hung, by way of trophy, to the sail yard of a galley sent round all the coasts to insult the Venetians. In which manner perished the intrepid Bragadino,

Bragadino, who suffered equally by the dilatoriness of the republic, and the barbarity of an haughty enemy \*.

Intrepidly as Bragadino behaved on this occasion, there have not been wanting detractors of his fame, and nibbling critics, whose baleful breath would blight that glory which ought to be sacredly transmitted to the latest posterity. Among these is Blainville, who alledges, upon what authority we know not, that Bragadino's fate was the just reward of his cruelty, for having massacred all the Turkish prisoners taken in different sallies.

We could wish our authors had brought down the history of Venice to the present times, or that they had at least continued it to the memorable war in Candia, and that celebrated conspiracy to destroy the existence of the republic, contrived by the Spanish ambassador, on which is founded one of the best tragedies in the English language. It is probable they had their reasons for stopping short; either their materials might have been insufficient, or they thought it unnecessary to prolong the history, on account of a few events already generally known. We had rather acknowledge our obligations for what they have done, than bestow our censures for what they have omitted.

For the satisfaction of our readers we shall give a short sketch of the affairs of the republic, subsequent to the war in Cyprus, which may serve as a supplement to the volume.

After the peace concluded with the Turks in 1573, Venice enjoyed profound tranquility until the eve of the following century, when the ambition of the clergy, and the jealousy of the government again involved the republic in a troublesome dispute with the pontiff, Paul V. Though ecclesiastics were excluded the civil employments of the state, and greatly limited at Venice, yet they gradually acquired vast estates, and purchased a great part of the republican territories, which greatly alarmed the senate, as these lands became useless to the govern-

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\* He bore his sufferings with such an admirable constancy, that, with great calmness, he reasoned with Mustapha upon the duties of honour, virtue, and a soldier. He then taxed him with perfidy, cruelty, and cowardice, qualities the least becoming a general of all men. After his skin was pulled down to his navel, the force applied by the executioner made the blood stream out; upon which, with amazing firmness, he cried out upon Christ's sufferings. But these are scenes we cannot describe without horror. The reader may see them at large in Paruta, Mauroceni, and other Venetian historians.

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ment. A decree therefore passed, forbidding ecclesiastics, under severe penalties, from making purchase of lands without the consent of the senate. The government had likewise prohibited the building churches, founding monasteries, bequeathing estates, giving donations, or any way augmenting the power and revenues of ecclesiastics, who perceiving their avarice and ambition checked, called heaven and earth to witness and redress the grievance. Paul V. the most aspiring and turbulent of all the pontiffs, took the Venetian clergy under his protection. He excommunicated the senate, under pretence they had unjustly imprisoned two of his clergy, though it was certain that one of those sons of the church had poisoned his own father, brother, and other relations. Without regarding the pontiff's menaces, the criminals were put to death, and the decree enforced for limiting the ecclesiastical power. In a word, after long and virulent altercation, the clergy were forced to submit, and Paul obliged to drop a quarrel which the senate maintained with the utmost spirit, without violating the respect due to the head of the church.

The next dispute in which Venice was engaged, concluded in a manner equally happy and glorious to the republic. A certain fugitive tribe, called Uscookes, took possession of the towns evacuated by the Turks in Dalmatia, under the protection of the house of Austria, and particularly of the archduke Ferdinand. They begun with making depredations on the Turks; but acquiring a passion for war and booty, they soon extended their violences, attacked the Venetians, and made no distinction of friends or enemies. The republic repelled the injuries, and persecuted this piratical people with such spirit, that in despite of the menaces of Ferdinand, the Uscookes were forced to submit to such terms as she thought fit to impose.

The strict attention which the republic paid to the balance of power in Italy, and her constant opposition to the ambitious views of Spain, gave birth to that horrid conspiracy formed by the enterprising Alphonso de la Cueva, marquis of Bedmar, and ambassador at Venice from the court of Madrid. His design was to set fire to the city in different parts, and, amidst the general tumult, to introduce the Spanish soldiers, who, assisted by the conspirators, should massacre the senate, and seize upon the government. The secrecy with which this villainous contrivance was kept, must be deemed truly astonishing, if we consider the great number of persons concerned, and the prodigious number of spies maintained by the state inquisition. It is however true, that this jealous vigilant tribunal was not apprized of the danger of the state, before the plot was ripe for execution.

execution. One Jaffier, an accomplice, terrified with the horrible massacre projected, and stung with remorse, made the first discovery; his evidence being supported by the testimony of two French gentlemen, who accidentally came to a knowledge of the design. The ambassador fled to Milan, many of his adherents suffered the just punishment of their crime, and the Venetians were delivered from the greatest danger which had ever threatened the republic. It is surprising that some writers treat this conspiracy as merely chimerical.

Notwithstanding the Spaniards were disappointed in this detestable scheme, they pursued their designs upon Italy. They endeavoured to make themselves masters of the Valteline; but met with so steady and firm an opposition from the republic, as obliged them to relinquish the enterprize. It was on the same principle that the Venetians interfered in the affair of the succession of the duke of Nevers to the duchy of Mantua. They likewise supported Odoard, duke of Mantua, against pope Urban VIII. who had deprived him of the duchy of Castro.

In the year 1641, the knights of Malta encountered a fleet of Turkish merchantmen, which, after a bloody engagement, they took, sunk, and destroyed, their booty being estimated at six millions of sequins. The conquerors retired to Candia to divide the spoils, which gave such offence to the grand signior, that he resolved to come to a rupture with the Venetians. But he kept his design secret, and began making vast preparations, as if he intended revenging the insult given by the Maltese. Venice had no suspicion of any design against her; nor would the senate give credit to the advices sent by their consul at Constantinople, until they were confirmed by the famous Baptista Nani, their ambassador at the court of France. On this occasion the conduct of the senate is altogether unaccountable. They had, till now, always given ear to every information which regarded the safety of the state; yet they neglected the advices of their consul, until it was too late to take the effectual measures for their security. The Turkish fleet put to sea, fell like a thunderbolt on Candia, stormed Fort St. Theodore, and reduced la Cange, after a bloody siege that held for two months, notwithstanding the city was defended only by a slender garrison. Next year the infidels reduced Retimo, and the Venetians, to make a diversion, threw themselves into Dalmatia, where they carried all before them, as the enemy bestowed their chief attention on the conquest of Candia. In the year 1649, the Turks formed the siege of the capital, before which they lost 20,000 men in one campaign. Next year their losses were so considerable, that they were forced to turn the siege into a blockade,



blockade, while the Venetians charged the Turkish fleet in the bay of Foya with such impetuosity, as obtained a complete victory. Several thousand Turks perished in this glorious action. In two more successive engagements the infidels were defeated by sea, by squadrons not half their number; and these advantages were followed by the glorious victory gained by Marcello near the Dardanelles, in which the whole Turkish fleet was destroyed. The intrepid Marcello did not long enjoy the reputation of his valour; he died in a few days of a wound received in the engagement. Ten thousand Turks perished, and five thousand christian slaves recovered their liberty on this occasion. Mocenigo, who succeeded to the command, not only destroyed the Algerine squadron, but attacked the Turkish fleet within sight of the grand vizier's army, and defeated it, with the loss of a great number of capital ships, which he brought in triumph to Venice. As the Turks accommodated matters with the emperor in 1677, the whole load of the war fell upon the Venetians, who now singly combated the most formidable power in Europe. The vizier's army was augmented; and the siege of Candia resumed with so much vigour, that the garrison, exhausted, spent, and wholly emaciated by a siege that continued for three years, at last surrendered, after it had cost the Turks above 40,000 common soldiers, 10,000 janissaries, 30,000 militia, seven bashaws, and near an hundred officers of distinction. In a word, their victory at Candia was the most fatal blow ever sustained by the Ottoman empire. Though conquerors, it obliged the infidels to sue for peace, which was granted, and rigidly observed until the year 1684, when the war between the Turks and the emperor inspired the Venetians with hopes they might now be able to redeem their late losses. In this war the republic recovered the Morea, after having almost spent her whole strength in the most gallant and intrepid actions. At last peace was concluded in 1699, under the mediation of William III. king of Great Britain.

During the war in Italy, and over all Europe, for the Spanish succession, in consequence of the partition-treaty and triple alliance, Venice observed a strict neutrality; but in 1715, a fresh war broke out with the Porte, which terminated with the peace of Passarovitz concluded in 1716, after the republic had lost the Morea, and gallantly defended the island of Corfou, under the conduct of Schylenberg, whose statue was erected by order of the senate. To conclude, Venice exhausted by these continual wars, and stripped of her commerce by the other maritime powers, is now only strong by situation; languishing under a slow consumption, which seems to have touched her vitals, the republic cannot be deemed formidable.

ART. II. *Memoirs of Miss Sidney Bidulph, extracted from her own Journals, and now first published. In Three Volumes. 12mo. Pr. 9s. Doddsley.*

**I**F a copy drawn with the most exquisite skill, and heightened with the nicest touches of art, can be allowed merit equal to a justly admired original, the *Memoirs of Miss Bidulph* may deservedly claim a place in our esteem with the histories of *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison*. They are characterised by the same elegant fluency of narrative, the same interesting minuteness, inimitable simplicity, delicacy of sentiment, propriety of conduct, and irresistible pathos, which render them indisputably the best models in this species of writing, perhaps the most engaging, persuasive, and difficult of any other. *Memoirs* written in the epistolary manner, necessarily appear prolix and redundant; to imitate nature more closely, the reader is withheld from the principal events by a thousand little previous formalities, which, though they exert his patience at the time, fully recompense it in the end, by marking the characters more strongly, and introducing a variety of natural circumstances, that cannot fall under the pen of an historian. Slight strokes, and gentle touches, seemingly frivolous and impertinent, have an astonishing effect in strengthening the resemblance of the portraiture. Under correction of the critics, we must profess ourselves admirers of this kind of dramatic writing; where every character speaks in his own person, utters his feelings, and delivers his sentiments warm from the heart. It admits of an infinity of natural moral reflections, which a true biographer cannot, without pedantry and seeking the occasions, introduce. To sustain with propriety all the different personages, to think, to act in their peculiar characters thro' a whole life, checquered with prosperity and adversity, requires a truly dramatic genius. If the writer is not confined to the unities of time and place, he labours under other inconveniencies, from which the strict dramatist is exempted. He supports a character through life, the other only through one particular action; he observes probability in the transactions possibly of half a century, the other only of a day; he must rouse the passions, and engage the attention through a variety of unconnected incidents, the dramatist directs his whole strength only to one object; in a word, the memoir writer must be minute, without being tedious; he must study variety, and yet be perfectly simple and natural; he must extend without enervating his characters, rise gradually to his catastrophe, unfold his design slowly, and, after running a long course, appear vigorous, fresh, and unexhausted. It is sufficient proof of the difficulty of this method



method of writing, that the ingenious inventive lady, to whom the Memoirs of Miss Bidulph are attributed, hath not been able to avoid imitation. Her heroine is a type of Miss Clarissa Harlowe, involved like her in a passion which she cannot gratify consistently with the dictates of filial duty, and rigid female delicacy. Faulkland is a composition of features borrowed from Grandison and Lovelace: possessed of the strict honour, the steadiness and integrity of the former, he sometimes delights in the stratagem of the latter. But the characters will best appear from a sketch of the narrative.

‘ Mrs. Catherine Sidney Bidulph, was the daughter of Sir Robert Bidulph of Wiltshire. Her father died when she was very young; and of ten children none survived him but this lady, and his eldest son, afterwards Sir George Bidulph. The family estate was not very considerable; and Miss Bidulph’s portion was but four thousand pounds; a fortune however at that time not quite contemptible: it was in the beginning of queen Ann’s reign.

‘ Lady Bidulph was a woman of plain sense, but exemplary piety; the strictness of her notions (highly commendable in themselves) now and then gave a tincture of severity to her actions, though she was ever esteemed a truly good woman.

‘ She had educated her daughter, who was one of the greatest beauties of her time, in the strictest principles of virtue; from which she never deviated, through the course of an innocent, though unhappy life.

‘ Sir George Bidulph was nine or ten years older than his sister. He was a man of good understanding, moral as to his general conduct, but void of any of those refined sentiments, which constitute what is called *delicacy*. Pride is sometimes accounted laudable; that which Sir George possessed (for he had pride) was not of this kind.

‘ He was of a weakly constitution, and had been ordered by the physicians to Spa for the recovery of a lingering disorder, which he had laboured under for some time. It was just on his return to England that the busy scene of his sister’s life opened. An intimate friend of hers, of her own sex, to whom she revealed all the secrets of her heart, happened at this juncture to go abroad, and it was for her perusal only the following journal was intended. That friend has carefully preserved it, as she thinks it may serve for an example to prove, that neither prudence, foresight, nor even the best disposition that the human heart is capable of, are of themselves sufficient to defend us against the inevitable ills that sometimes are allotted, even

to the best. *The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.* Such is the introduction to Miss Bidulph's journal.

Sir George Bidulph had in his travels contracted an intimacy with Mr. Faulkland, a young gentleman of fortune, amiable, accomplished, handsome in his person, generous in his sentiments, and liberal in all his conduct. Between his sister and his friend he meditated an alliance, and accordingly mentioned the subject jocosely to his mother and the young lady, on his first visit after his return to England. A slight disorder in his wrist had carried Mr. Faulkland to Bath : his stay was longer than at first intended, and Miss Bidulph grew impatient to see the gentleman described in such amiable colours by her brother, whom she had reason to expect as her lover ; for Mr. Faulkland was no less inflamed with the picture drawn by Sir George of his sister. At last he arrives in London, is introduced to the mother and sister, gains their esteem, and obtains lady Bidulph's consent to pay his addresses to her daughter. The beauty, the softness, the exquisite delicacy and good sense of Miss Bidulph, soon make an intire conquest of Mr. Faulkland : settlements are adjusted, and the day appointed for their nuptials. A thousand little intermediate circumstances endeared the lovers to each other ; but while they were felicitating themselves with the happy prospect of an inseparable union, an accident occurred which broke all their enchanting hopes, and laid the foundation of that train of misfortune that succeeded.

Mr. Faulkland had for some misdemeanor discharged a footman, who, in revenge, wrote the following letter to Miss Bidulph :

‘ Madam,

‘ I hear you are soon to be married to Mr. Faulkland ; but as I think it a great pity that so virtuous a young lady should be thrown away, this is to inform you, that he does not deserve you.

‘ The inclosed letter, wrote to him by a fine and beautiful young lady that he decoyed, shews you how false he is. When you tax him with it, he will know from whence you got your information ; but let him deny it if he can.

I am, madam,

Your unknown friend, and humble servant.’

Inclosed was the following letter to Mr. Faulkland, written in a pretty female hand, and the date recent :

‘ Oh ! Mr. Faulkland, I am the most unfortunate woman in the world ! Fatal have you been to me, and I am undone for ever



ever——I was in hopes that our mutual fault might have been concealed; for while we staid at Bath, I kept my aunt intirely ignorant of what passed between us, though she often pressed me to confess the truth; but it can now no longer be concealed. I am but too sensibly reminded of the unhappy consequences of my own weakness, and your ungoverned (would I could call it) love. I never meant to trouble you with complaints; but my present condition calls loudly for your compassion. Are you then really going to be married? There wants but this to complete my destruction! Oh! Sir, before it is too late, take pity on me! I dare not continue in the house with my uncle much longer. My aunt says, that, when my affliction becomes so conspicuous as not to be any longer hid, she will form a pretence, on account of my health, for me to be absent for some months, under colour of going to Bath, or to London, for better advice than I can have here. But what will this avail me? I have no relations, no friends, nor acquaintance, that I can trust with the secret of my miserable situation. To whom then can I fly, but to you, the cause of all my sorrow? I beseech you, for heaven's sake, write to me, and tell me, if indeed you are going to give yourself away for ever! If you are, your intended bride, perhaps, may have no other advantage of me, but what you in an evil hour deprived me of. Write to me, dear, though cruel as you are; and think of some place of refuge for your unhappy

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As Miss Bidulph was confined by a severe indisposition at the time these letters arrived, they fell into the hands of her mother, who immediately altered her opinion of Mr. Faulkland, regarded him now as a profligate, forbid the continuance of his addresses, refused to admit his justification, banished him from her family, and highly offended her son Sir George, who warmly espoused the interest of his friend. The young lady, on her recovery, adopted the sentiments of her mother; and though Mr. Faulkland was cleared of any premeditated design upon the honour of the lady, who poured forth her lamentations in the melancholy strain we have recited, yet such was the delicacy of Miss Bidulph's sentiments, and the strict probity of lady Bidulph, that they persuaded themselves Mr. Faulkland could not, without the most flagrant injustice, give his hand to another lady. It required the utmost fortitude in Miss Bidulph to bring herself to this resolution: she was deeply sensible of the merit of the heart she refused, but she determined to act agreeable to the dignity of her own sentiments, and the dictates of filial duty, her mother being now as averse, as before she was forward in promoting the intended union

Both insisted, that the only reparation to the unhappy lady, in Mr. Faulkland's power, was marriage; but that gentleman's honour would never suffer him to think of offering her his hand, while Miss Bidulph wholly possessed his affections.

To subdue his passion, and divert the chagrin of disappointment, Mr. Faulkland resolved to travel, after having in vain tried every expedient to conquer the prejudices of lady and Miss Bidulph. Before he quitted the kingdom he left a letter with Sir George, to be delivered to his mother. This he presented; but all his remonstrances could not prevail on the old lady to peruse it, as she imagined it contained only a renewal of Mr. Faulkland's solicitations. She carelessly laid it by among other papers, and set out with her daughter upon a visit to lady Grimstone, an old lady, residing at some distance from London. Here they commenced an acquaintance with Mr. Arnold, a young gentleman of fortune and merit, sufficient to encourage him to pay his addresses to Miss Bidulph, and supplant at least, in lady Bidulph's esteem, the generous and faithful Faulkland. Lady Grimstone's influence was considerable with lady Bidulph, and her will regarded as a law by Miss Bidulph. Both strenuously espoused the pretensions of Mr. Arnold; and Miss Bidulph, out of pure obedience to her mother, and rather from passive esteem than any real affection, consented to change her virgin name for that of Arnold. The assiduity, the ardent affection, and the irreproachable conduct of her husband, soon improved esteem into real love, she became the parent of two daughters, beautiful as the mother, and had before her eyes the most pleasing prospect of connubial felicity. Sir George, however, was never reconciled to this marriage; and always warmly resented his mother and sister's conduct to his intimate deserving friend Mr. Faulkland.

The first alloy to the happiness of our heroine and her husband, proceeded from a report, that the widow of Mr. Arnold's elder brother was with child, and that she menaced commencing a suit in chancery in behalf of the expected infant. The rumour gave little uneasiness for some time, as the widow's character was notoriously bad, and she had been separated so long from her late husband, as to make the infant unquestionably illegitimate: at length, however, a child was born, and a prosecution actually begun for recovering the estate. While this affair was depending, and Mr. Arnold fully persuaded that the issue would be favourable, he removed, with his family, to a pleasant seat he possessed in Kent, in the neighbourhood of lord V. and several other agreeable families. Here Mrs. Arnold contracted a friendship with the amiable lady V. and an intimate acquaintance with Mrs. Gerrarde, whose vivacity, specious  
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wit, and genteel carriage, recommended her strongly. During their residence at Southpark, Mr. Faulkland returned to England, made a visit to lord V. and there met with Mr. and Mrs. Arnold; but studiously avoided renewing his acquaintance with the lady, to prevent giving uneasiness to her husband. Suddenly Mr. Arnold's conduct became cold, reserved, and indifferent. He, whose principal delight till now consisted in domestic employments, and discharging every duty of an affectionate husband and tender parent, spent his evenings abroad, and, when at home, appeared sullen and ill-humoured. Mrs. Arnold could not account for this change of disposition, otherwise than by attributing it to the vicinity of Mr. Faulkland, who, as he had once possessed a place in her affections, he might imagine still enjoyed some share of her esteem. Hitherto she had, from motives of delicacy, concealed from her husband that gentleman's prior address; and now she reproached her own conduct, from an apprehension that he had been informed of that circumstance from some other person. Though these suspicions were not without foundation, they fell short of the whole truth. Mr. Arnold was captivated by the insinuating arts of Mrs. Gerrarde, and was actually engaged in an intrigue with that designing woman, to the ruin of himself, his innocent infants, and his amiable faithful wife. Not satisfied with estranging his affections, the artful Mrs. Gerrarde infused the poison of jealousy into Mr. Arnold's mind, and, by a successful stratagem, produced a meeting between Mrs. Arnold and Mr. Faulkland at her house, where they were surprized by the husband. Matters were contrived to give this accidental interview all the appearances of an appointment; Mr. Arnold took fire at the supposed dishonour of his wife, ordered her immediately to quit his house, and allowed her a separate maintenance.

However conscious Mrs. Arnold was of her own innocence, she sensibly felt the disgrace. Her misfortune was aggravated by the discovery of Mr. Arnold's perfidy, who had lavished his fortune in supporting the extravagance, and gratifying the rapacity of Mrs. Gerrarde; yet she nobly resolved, only to rebuke him by her silent suffering, and, even as far as it was possible, to screen his character from censure. In this state of mind she took shelter with her mother lady Bidulph, where she had not long resided, before the law-suit was determined against Mr. Arnold, by which he was deprived of 900*l.* per ann. out of 1200*l.* the remainder being insufficient for the payment of large debts contracted on account of Mrs. Gerrarde.

A stratagem contrived by the generous Faulkland opened the eyes of the infatuated Mr. Arnold, produced a reconciliation, and restored their former felicity to this unfortunate pair. That gentleman, though cut off from all his hopes of possessing the beloved of his soul, by Mr. Arnold, yet determined to save his rival from destruction, with a view of promoting the happiness of Mrs. Arnold, for whom he still entertained the deepest sentiments of esteem, and the feelings of the purest and most delicate passion. For this purpose he planned the means of conveying Mrs. Gerrarde out of the reach of Mr. Arnold, and persuading her to write a letter with her own hand, disclosing to that unhappy gentleman all the measures she had used, to raise his suspicions of his wife, and influence his mind with jealousy of an intrigue between Mrs. Arnold and Mr. Faulkland. Awaked, as from a dream, by Mrs. Gerrarde's elopement and confession, Mr. Arnold was torn with the keenest pangs of remorse. His own guilt, and his wife's innocence, recurred with redoubled force upon his mind; he applied to lord and lady V. to effect a reconciliation; but before they made any advances to forward his request, he became a bankrupt and beggar, in consequence of the verdict we have mentioned. Misfortune, however, served only to endear him to Mrs. Arnold: by means of lord and lady V. they were happily reconciled, all their effects were sold for the payment of debts, and lord V. was the purchaser, in order to render their circumstances less pressing, by being himself the sole creditor. Only fifty pounds per ann. now remained; to which lady Bidulph added two hundred out of her own jointure. With this slender and precarious income they retired to Sidney-castle, the mansion-house of the Bidulph family, where the penitence of Mr. Arnold, the duty, the affection, and the unparalleled amiable conduct of Mrs. Arnold, were productive of the most solid felicity, until the death of lord V. when the ungenerous usage of his son obliged Mr. Arnold to sell the only remaining part of his wife's settlement; and the accidental and sudden death of Mr. Arnold, in consequence of a fall from his horse, again involved his lady in the sharpest affliction.

It is now time to look back, in order to introduce a lady to the reader's acquaintance, who was the remote cause of all Mrs. Arnold's misfortunes, in her virgin, her married, and widowed condition. While Mr. Faulkland resided at Bath, previous to his acquaintance with Miss Bidulph, he was artfully surprised by a stratagem of Mrs. Gerrarde, into an illicit commerce with her niece, Miss Burchel, a young lady of an agreeable person, genteel education, and apparent innocence. The fruits  
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of this intercourse soon became so visible, that to conceal her dishonour, Miss Burchel was forced to retire from Bath into a privacy provided for her by Mr. Faulkland. It was this young lady's epistle the discharged footman had sent to Miss Bidulph, which occasioned the rupture of the designed union between her and Mr. Faulkland. As it breathed all the sentiments of the most tender affection for Mr. Faulkland, and keenest compunction for lost innocence and seduced virtue, this letter powerfully recommended the unfortunate fair one to the compassion of lady Bidulph, and her generous daughter. They exerted their utmost endeavours to prevail on Mr. Faulkland to do her justice, and retrieve her character by marriage; but he had now fixed his affections unalterably on Miss Bidulph, and, disappointed in his expectations of felicity with her, determined to live single. We have mentioned his travelling to efface the chagrin of blighted hopes. Before his departure, he strongly recommended Miss Burchel to the countenance of lady Bidulph, and left the vindication of his character to that young lady's own testimony. The visit to lady Grimstone was made before Miss Burchel arrived in London. Afterwards Miss Bidulph became Mrs. Arnold; and it now was a matter of indifference, whether Mr. Faulkland appeared guilty or innocent, with respect to the intrigue, which had broke off his connections with the Bidulph family. No enquiry therefore was made after Miss Burchel, until lady Bidulph returned to London after the marriage of her daughter to Mr. Arnold, when she resolved to gratify her curiosity, and perform her promise to Mr. Faulkland of visiting that young lady. The graceful appearance, the affected modesty, the tender expressions of the strongest passion for Mr. Faulkland, and the most insinuating manner of Miss Burchel, soon secured the friendship of the good lady Bidulph, and retained her a strenuous advocate with Mr. Faulkland.

In this train stood affairs at the death of Mr. Arnold, which brought his widow to London, where she was introduced by her mother to Miss Burchel. Mr. Faulkland now renewed his addresses to Mrs. Arnold, and proved, by the constancy of his passion, the sincerity of his first proposals; but now Miss Burchel had so engaged her esteem and compassion, that she had promised to become her advocate with Mr. Faulkland, and to exert her utmost influence to persuade him to do her justice, though with the utmost violence to her own affections. What heightens the generosity of Mrs. Arnold is, that she had always esteemed the noble qualities of Faulkland. His behaviour with respect to Mrs. Gerrarde, the delicacy of his sentiments, and the disinterestedness of his conduct on that occasion, left her no room to doubt of his passion and merit. She was now  
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reduced, with two children, to the precarious support of an aged infirm mother, whose whole subsistence expired with her. She had incurred the displeasure of her brother Sir George, by her first rejecting Mr. Faulkland's suit, and accepting the hand of Mr. Arnold : her now persisting in the same opinion, cut her off from all hopes of assistance from that quarter ; yet she resolved to pursue the dictates of her conscience, and fulfil her promise to Miss Burchel, in despite of love, the terrors of poverty, the solicitations of her brother, and of Mr. Faulkland, who urged, with all the arguments suggested by the most violent passion, for leave to lay his whole fortune at her feet. So effectually and fatally did she plead the cause of this young lady, in a series of letters to Mr. Faulkland, that we see his final resolution in the following letter :

“ You were born to conquer, madam ; what is there that you cannot effect ? My heart was made for you, and you can mould it as you please. Enjoy your triumph, if it be one. I will receive Miss Burchel as *your* gift ; and since I cannot obtain your love, I will at least compel your esteem. Why should *your* generosity, *your* compassion for an unhappy lady, to whom you have no obligation, exceed that of a man who owns himself bound to her in gratitude ? I wish I could repay her the debt of love I owe her, but I will try to repair my fault hereafter : and in her gentle bosom perhaps I may recover that peace, to which I have been so long a stranger. She will forgive the waywardness of a heart, which never disguised its anguish to her ; and which she knows has been torn by a fatal passion, that, like a cruel disease, was not either to be resisted or subdued. But thanks to you, madam, I think I begin to feel my cure approaching. Miss Burchel's tenderness will finish what you have begun. You shall never reproach me more ; if I ever had an interest in your heart, I will not forfeit it now, but make that proud heart acknowledge, spite of itself, that Faulkland was not unworthy of it.”

Not long after she had rejected the address of the person she equally esteemed and loved, her mother lady Bidulph died, by which our heroine is reduced to the most extreme indigence and misery, pining under the united pressure of poverty, sickness, and anguish of mind. In this situation she is found out by a cousin, who having amassed a vast fortune abroad, determined to leave the whole among such of his relations as were deserving. The trial which he made of their dispositions proved fortunate to Mrs. Arnold. He went to beg charity of Sir George Bidulph, and was received with so much state and insolence by him and his lady, that he came away disgusted, marking them



as unworthy of his favours. The same experiment he made on Mrs. Arnold; but how different was his reception? She displayed the utmost affability and generosity, offering to share with him the pittance arising from her own industry: upon which he declares his real circumstances, furnishes a magnificent house for her residence, settles 3000 l. a year for her present maintenance, and constitutes her his sole executrix.

Still, however, she was persecuted by her evil fortunes. While Mrs. Arnold was exciting every act of benevolence, and employing her affluence in relieving indigence, and wiping the tears from the eyes of the widow and orphan, she was surprised with a note from Mr. Faulkland, desiring permission to wait upon her at six in the evening; and that his arrival in London might be kept a profound secret. As she imagined Mr. Faulkland was at this time with his lady in Ireland, she could not devise the meaning of his note, his sudden arrival in London, and the required secrecy; but this mystery was soon explained.

‘Precisely at six o’clock, (says Mrs. Arnold in her journal) I heard a coach stop at the door; Patty was in the way to receive him, and presently Mr. Faulkland himself entered the drawing-room. Distraction was in his looks! I rose to receive him, but shook from head to foot; and I felt the blood forsaking my face. He ran to me, as if with a design to salute me, but started back without making the offer. I made a motion to a chair for him, and sat down myself, for I was not able to stand. You are welcome to England, Sir, I am glad to see you—scarce knowing what I said. I hope your lady is well? He looked wildly as if in horror at the question. Then suddenly catching both my hands, he fell on his knees before me, his eyes fixed mournfully on my face, and it was some time before he could answer.

I could not speak; I burst into tears:—there was something dreadful in his silence. He kissed both my hands, but I withdrew them from him. Sir, Sir, speak I conjure you. You shock me to death! I see I have, said he, and I am afraid to proceed: you will die at the relation. For God’s sake, Sir, explain yourself.—

‘You see a man, said he, whose life is forfeited to the law—My wife is dead—and by my hand—

‘I don’t know whether he said more, for I fainted away. It seems he did not call for any help, but by his own endeavours at last brought me to myself, and I found him weeping bitterly over me,

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‘ The sound of the last horrid words I had heard him speak still rung in my ears. I begged him to explain them.

‘ That wife, said he, that woman whom you persuaded me to marry, I caught in adultery, and I punished the villain that wronged me with death. She shared in his fate, though without my intending it. For this act of justice, which the law will deem murder, I myself must die, and I am come but to take a last look.—What recompence then can you make the man, whom you have brought to misery, shame, and death?

‘ His looks, and the tone of voice with which he spoke this, made my blood run cold, and my heart die within me.

‘ I wrung my hands, and redoubling my tears, I do not need your reproaches, said I, to make me the most miserable woman on earth—What recompence indeed can I make you?—None, none, but to tell you that if you will fly this instant, my fortune shall be at your disposal, and I will take care to supply you in what part soever of the world you shall chuse for your residence.

‘ And can you after all that is past, said he, persist in such barbarity, as to drive me from you? or are you determined to see me perish here? if that be so, I will soon rid you of this miserable hated wretch.

‘ He drew his sword like a madman, and with a dreadful imprecation, which made me shudder, swore that if I did not that minute, promise to bear him company in his flight, he would plunge it into his breast, and die before my eyes—Good God, what a scene of horror was this! I will, I will, I cried. I will go with you to the farthest verge of the earth. I caught his arm, fell down on my knees, and was more mad, if possible, than himself.

‘ I begged of him to put up his sword, which he did, seeing me almost dead with fear. You know, said he, the means of dying are always in my own power; take care you do not trifle with me, nor plead in excuse for falsifying your promise, that you made it to save me from immediate destruction.

‘ I beseeched him to calm himself a little, and to permit me to send for my brother. Sir George you know has an intire affection for you, said I, you may trust him with your life and safety.

‘ I had forgot him, said he; poor Bidulph! he will be afflicted when he hears my story.

‘ I instantly



‘ I instantly wrote a line to my brother, requesting to see him immediately. By good fortune he was at home, and came to me directly.’

After a pathetic description of the distress of Faulkland's mind, which in some measure disturbs his intellects, Mrs. Arnold is prevailed on, by the influence of her kinsman, her brother, and the passionate remonstrances of the unfortunate Faulkland: she consents to their nuptials; immediately after which he embarks for Holland, to wait the issue of an application of his friends for pardon. Mrs. Faulkland was to follow; but before her departure, a letter from Ireland directed to Mr. Faulkland arrived, by which it appeared that his wife had only fainted at the discharge of the pistol, which killed her gallant. Hence arose a fresh stream of affliction: she was just married to the man she loved, who it now appears had another wife living.—In the middle of this interesting scene the journal breaks off; but we are told in a supplement, that Mrs. Arnold bore her fate with undaunted heroism, and the most perfect resignation to the will of Providence. She wrote a letter of condolence to Mr. Faulkner, and endeavoured, by all the arguments in her power, to enable him to support this last cruel stroke of fortune. We know nothing further, than that Mr. Faulkland was found dead in his bed, without any marks of violence. Mrs. Arnold retired to the country, where she employed her whole time in the education of her daughters. She is left sole executrix to Mr. Warner; ‘ but, gracious heaven! how inscrutable are thy ways! Her affluent fortune, the very circumstance which seemed to promise her, in the eve of life, some compensation for the miseries she had endured in her early days, now proved the source of new and dreadful calamities to her, which, by involving the unhappy daughters of an unhappy mother in scenes of the most exquisite distress, cut off from her even the last resource of hope in this life, and rendered the close of her history still more . . . . .’

Such are the outlines of a performance, all the finer touches of which must necessarily be lost in an analysis, that is here exhibited merely to shew the construction of the fable. All the situations are highly interesting, because the passions are strongly engaged in the fate of characters rendered so eminently amiable, noble, and heroic. The reflections are equally just and natural; some of the characters are new, and all of them admirably sustained. Not a single impropriety of thought or expression occurs in the course of three volumes; but the whole flows easy, chaste, natural, simple, and beyond measure affecting and pathetic. In a word, as we entertain the highest opi-

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nion of the genius, delicacy, and good sense of Mrs. S——, we cannot but wish she may continue to exert those talents, so honourable to herself, so useful, so entertaining to society, and particularly so beneficial to the republic of letters.

ART. III. *Sermons on Public Occasions.* By Charles Bulkley.  
8vo. Pr. 4s. Noon.

SERMONS on public occasions seldom contain any thing but a little frothy declamation, a general satire on the vices of the age, some new political tenets awkwardly expressed, or some fulsome panegyric on kings and ministers. As soon as a fast or thanksgiving is appointed, every puny whipster in divinity thumbs his concordance for a text apposite to this occasion; looks over his political creed, and, in a few days, comes out with a flaming sermon, printed at the earnest request of those who heard it, which, like a cracker just let off, bounces a little time from hand to hand, and then is seen or heard of no more, unless you chance to meet with it at the pastry-cooks, or see it fluttering in the wind for a penny at the philobiblian's. Mr. Bulkley's sermons, however, are of a very different nature; for besides their immediate and judicious application to the times and occasions which produced them, they abound in salutary admonitions, with regard to our religious and moral conduct, that may be serviceable to us at all seasons; are written with a true spirit of piety, in a clear and animated style, without any affectation or enthusiasm.

The volume contains fifteen sermons, which we will venture to assure our readers will give them great pleasure in the perusal. The following short extract will give them some idea of our author's merit: it is taken from the ninth sermon on the love of our country. In treating this subject, he first lays before his hearers some observations relating to the nature and importance of this affection; secondly, considers what influence it ought to have upon our conduct and behaviour. With regard to the first, he very judiciously observes, that 'we ought to be careful in distinguishing the truly generous and exalted affection from some other passions of a very different nature; which, when the real love of our country is upon the decline, are apt to substitute themselves in the room of it. They assume its name. And they may indeed be properly considered as perversions and deprivations of the original and just affection itself. Such, for instance, is national pride and vanitie. This, like the pride of individuals, gives us such a high conceit of our national genius, and accomplishments, of our national taste and manners, strength and power, as must needs prove a very



very great obstruction to the firmer establishment and farther progress of our prosperitie and honor as a people. It must be owned indeed, and it ought to be owned with the warmest gratitude to the sovereign and most gracious providence of God ; that we are a people eminently distinguished by the possession of those invaluable privileges, for which so many other nations and kingdoms of the world can only wish, with scarce a possibilitie, according to all present appearances, of being ever favored with the actual enjoyment of them. But, as in the case of particular persons and characters, there are none so improved, as not to admit of higher degrees of perfection ; so whatever be the advantages, privileges and honors, which, as a public communitie, we enjoy, we cannot, but in nature and reason suppose them capable of being still farther extended, as well as more completely and firmly secured. And the opinion, which some, it is to be feared, are too apt to entertain, of its being absolutely impossible, that any addition can be made to our national happiness, or that any thing is to be done towards rendering it more firm and lasting, can, with but little consistencie, be thought to procede, from a just and well-regulated sense of the worth and importance of our common privileges. This would naturally create a continued desire of rendering them as complete, as solid, and as extensive, as the necessary imperfection attending all human affairs will any way admit of. To what then can it be imputed, but to that national pride and vanity, which totally excludes thought and consideration, and leads us to ground our apprehensions concerning the happiness and honor of our nation, not upon any deliberate reflection on those inestimable privileges, of which we are really and in fact possessed ; but upon mere imagination and presumption, which are always extravagant and boundless ? I utterly disclaim and abhor the thought of suggesting any thing, with a design to encourage that spirit of dissatisfaction, murmuring, and discontent, which in a nation blessed and honoured like ours, is not only offering the highest indignity to our constitution and government, but likewise the most disingenuous and ungrateful affront to the providence of the Almighty. But still it must be confessed, that there is a natural medium between this repining and ungrateful spirit, and the vain and arrogant conceit of our having already obtained to the perfection of our dignitie and happiness as a people. This latter must not only be a fatal impediment to the progress and advancement of our public welfare ; but has likewise the most unhappy tendencie to lull us into a supine and indolent security, to throw us into a state of utter inattention and unconcern about a common interest, and on all these accounts to render that high degree of happiness, which we actually do possess, precarious, and expose it

it to the utmost danger. The medium, therefore, which I have hinted at, must needs be that, which a sincere and uncorrupted love of our country will of itself, shunning these extremes, naturally dictate and produce. And, should it once come to characterise our public manners, the most important and happy effects may justly be expected from it.

This is talking like a cool, dispassionate, sensible preacher, who appeals not to the passions, like our ranting hypocritical roarers at the tabernacle, but to the understanding of his auditors. What he observes with regard to the second consideration, namely, what influence a spirit of true patriotism, generally prevailing among us, would have upon our temper and actions, is equally just and pertinent.

‘The sincere love of our country (says he) will naturally express itself by keeping up a strict regard, in our own conduct and behavior, to the best and purest maxims of religion and virtue. It will strongly induce us to cultivate that spirit of devotion and piety towards the great, the good, the infinitely merciful creator of the universe; which will naturally produce the highest and the securest principles of fortitude and magnanimity in adhering to truth, equity, justice, and honor, amidst all the possible temptations and snares of life. It will put us upon continually endeavoring to warm and animate our hearts, with the most tender and endearing concern for every individual of our race; more especially for those, with whom we are connected by the ties of natural relation or civil commerce, and for such, whose probity and virtue cannot fail of recommending them to the peculiar esteem of all, who are themselves possessed of the like honorable and worthy principles. It will engage us to form the most determinate resolutions against that luxurie, pomp, and pride of life, which are the almost certain bane of integrity, and corrupters of every honest and generous affection. It will be continually prompting us to furnish our own minds with just and proper ideas of the unalienable rights and liberties of mankind, and of all the great, fundamental, and interesting truths of religion, to be delighting, and solacing our own hearts with the contemplation of them; and to be exerting ourselves, to the utmost of our power, in endeavoring to promote the knowledge and love of them among others. And, when the love of our country is thus conspiring with all the other friendly and social passions of our nature, with the powerful principles and sentiments of religion, with the glorious hope of immortality, with the sublime and elevated ambition of becoming the objects of the divine favor and complacency, what happier effects may not reasonably be expected from it? what security and establishment would it most cer-



tainly give to the tranquillity, peace, and honor of our nation? But on the other hand, if we abandon ourselves to impiety and vanity of every kind; if we care not to have our little trifling amusements disturbed by the thought of our duty, and by considering and deliberately weighing, what it is, that our own happiness, our country, and our God, require of us and call for at our hands; if we have not a greater abhorrence, than we at present seem to have, and detestation of public vices; if we continue to countenance and apologize for them: if, in particular, we can allow ourselves in abetting that most pernicious of all maxims, that public affairs cannot be transacted without corruption and iniquity, which is by one effectual blow striking at the very root of all reformation; if we remain stupidly unaffected with the thought of that dreadful torrent and growing deluge of wickedness, with which we are on every side surrounded, we have the natural progress of vice and iniquity, we have the fate of nations from the earliest to the present times, pronouncing our doom, and foretelling our ruin.

We would recommend the whole volume of Mr. Bulkley's Discourses, and this sermon in particular, to the electors of Great Britain at the present important juncture, when the love of our country is so immediately necessary towards the making a proper choice of their representatives in the ensuing parliament.

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ART. IV. *The Influence of the Pastoral Office on the Character examined; with a View, especially, to Mr. Hume's Representation of the Spirit of that Office. A Sermon preached before the Synod of Aberdeen, at Aberdeen, April 8, 1760. By Alexander Gerard, M. A. Professor of Divinity in the Marischal College. Published by Desire of the Synod. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Millar.*

**A**MONGST the few eminent writers who have figured in the learned world within the last half century, we have scarce one more distinguished by extraordinary abilities than Mr. Hume (we mean the historian:) we cannot, however, but be of opinion, that an author so fond of novelty and paradox, and so able to defend a bad cause with specious arguments, should be read with the utmost caution, though, as the author of the sermon before us very justly observes, 'his infidelity will probably rob him of some part of the attention and

regard, which his philosophical genius and taste would have otherwise commanded from the curious and intelligent.'

The illiberal and ungenerous attack which Mr. Hume some time since made on the whole body of the clergy, induced the writer of this sermon to rise up in vindication of the sacred order to which he belongs, to detect the fallacy of his arguments, and to convince every impartial reader, that what Mr. Hume advanced on this head could never be founded on reason or truth. The performance is sensible, spirited, and throughout one of the most excellent discourses we remember to have met with : Mr. Gerard treats his adversary with cool and dispassionate candor, confutes him without anger, and conquers him without triumph ; a method not so often made use of as we could wish in disputes of this kind, especially where the first blow is given with so much severity. Mr. Hume says, in his *Essay on National Characters* (amongst many other equally severe reflections on the clergy) that " it is a trite but not altogether a false maxim, that priests of all religions are the same ; and though the character of the profession will not, in every instance, prevail over the personal character, yet it is sure always to predominate with the greater number : " that " clergymen are obliged to feign more devotion than they have, and promote the spirit of superstition by a continued grimace and hypocrisy : " that " the ambition of the clergy, can only be satisfied by promoting ignorance, superstition, and implicit faith, and pious frauds : " that " the clergy have peculiar temptations to pride, self-conceit, spleen, rancour, and fury ; " and that, in short, " many of the vices of human nature are, by fixed moral causes, inflamed by the profession. All wise governments, therefore (Mr. Hume modestly hopes) will be upon their guard against a society, who will for ever be actuated by ambition, pride, and a persecuting spirit."

To this injurious representation of the moral character of the clergy, the sermon before us, containing no less than seventy pages, is a full, satisfactory, and spirited reply. Mr. Hume, we may observe, attributes the vices of the clergy to the influence of their profession, and by that means would undermine the credit of Christianity ; in opposition to which Mr. Gerard endeavors to prove, that the ministerial office, so far from encouraging or promoting vice, has an apparent tendency to form a good and virtuous character : he enquires therefore, *first*, how far a tendency in the ministerial office (if any such there be) to form a character exposed to the danger of becoming vicious, could affect either the credit of that office, or the excellence of the christian religion : *secondly*, whether that character, which the ministerial office tends to form, be virtuous

or



• or vicious on the whole : and, *thirdly*, how far this office has really a tendency to produce, or to inflame those particular vices, which some have represented as characteristical of the order.

With regard to the *first*, he observes, that the ministerial office tends *primarily* to form and improve a virtuous character, though it may perhaps have a remote and *secondary* tendency, to produce vicious dispositions in those who resist its original impulse : those vices therefore are not to be charged on the office which spring only from the abuse of it : if the tendency be but accidental, to urge it to the disadvantage of the office is to confound things totally distinct, and thus to render a falsehood plausible (*a common method with Mr. Hume, in religion, politics, and philosophy*;) it is like hurting a man's reputation by an insinuation which will very probably be misunderstood, and which could do no hurt except it *were* misunderstood. It may be added, that there are peculiar circumstances in the ministerial office, as well as in every other, which may give exercise to our virtues, and improve them ; but may likewise, as is indeed a necessary consequence, prove occasions of vice : to assert this is only to say, that the ministers of the gospel are in a state of probation and discipline, in the same sense as other men ; but this surely can never derogate from the excellence of their office. ' If the enemies of our order (*says this sensible writer*) only prove that our office tends to form a character, in which some agreeable qualities are wanting, or even a character positively disagreeable in some respects ; or if they prove, that some circumstances in it may be perverted into occasions of vice, or that it presents peculiar temptations, which it will require great caution to avoid complying with, they alledge nothing, which can justly affect either the spirit of our office, or the religion, by which it is established. If they can prove no more, they attack us with insufficient weapons ; we may expose our bosoms to their pointless arrows, without receiving the slightest hurt. They shew their inclination to annoy us ; and the undiscerning and the prejudiced may take it for granted, that they have given a mortal wound to religion and its ministers. But the candid and the considerate will soon perceive that, in order to accomplish their design, they must evince, that the *original* and *prevailing* tendency of our office is immoral, that something vicious is necessary in order to promote its genuine end, and to discharge its real duties.'

Our author then proceeds, *secondly*, to enquire whether that character which the ministerial office tends to form, be virtuous or vicious on the whole. He asserts and proves, from the best of arguments, daily and constant experience, that the clergy

in general are, in fact, equal, nay, superior to other classes of men in whatever deserves the name of moral virtue. Men could never deem vice peculiarly atrocious in a clergyman, if he had not, from the very nature of his office peculiar advantages for being virtuous: a few small vices in him appear greater and more numerous than many more vices in another; thus, the very tendency of the office to promote virtue has led men first to think ministers more vicious, in comparison with others, than they really are; and next in consequence of this, to charge the office itself with a tendency to vice. But it is, moreover, as our author justly remarks, the business of the clergy to instruct, to convince, to exhort, to intreat, to reprove, and to rebuke others; have all these several offices no tendency to excite a man to that genuine virtue, which alone can keep his own heart from condemning him? Will the opinion of the world, which has an influence over all other men, have none on the ministers of the gospel? Can this consideration fail to operate powerfully on every man who is not totally lost to all good principles?

Mr. Geraſd enquires, *thirdly*, how far the ministerial office has really a tendency to produce or to inflame those particular vices, which some have represented as characteristical of the order: and here he observes, that were we to estimate character which any profession forms by the separate view of some circumstance belonging to it, we might represent it in a very unfavourable light. Mr. Hume has adopted a maxim, from not the most moral of our poets, that *priests of all religions are the same*, which, our author justly remarks, cannot be true; and that, for this plain reason, because the nature of all religions is *not the same*. The office of a popish priest, for instance, is very different from that of a protestant minister: this, therefore, though it may sound well enough in verse, which delights in fiction, is doubtless but a poor argument in the mouth of a philosopher. Of much about the same depth is Mr. Hume's reasoning deduced from this principle; "as chymists (says he) observe, that spirits, when raised to a certain height, are all the same, from whatever materials they be extracted; so these men, being elevated above humanity, acquire an uniform character, which is entirely their own." "Do you think that this comparison bestows any evidence upon the maxim? Is the distillation of spirits, by a chymical process, a case exactly similar to the forming of a character, by means of religious and moral principles? And is it not somewhat strange, to suppose all priests elevated above humanity, as a step towards proving, that they are all sunk into vices, which depress humanity below itself? To produce this as an argument, would be unworthy of this  
ingenious



ingenious philosopher, who is well acquainted with the rules of reasoning; who can easily discern the fallacy of very specious arguments; who is even scrupulous in allowing men to reason from one subject to another, in which the least circumstance of similarity is wanting. It is a mere metaphor, an allusion to a fact, so wholly dissimilar, that it has almost too much the appearance of a turn of wit, to be admitted as an apposite image in the more serious kinds of poetry. On this account, I am inclined to think, that the maxim in question was intended, not for a principle in the reasoning, but for the conclusion deducible from it.

Mr. Gerard then proceeds to consider those vices, which the ministerial office is said by its enemies to promote, hypocrisy, superstition, ambition, vanity, party-spirit, rancour. He discusses them all with the most ingenuous candour, and fairly refutes the charge with regard to every one of them. If the nature of our work would admit of it, we should gladly lay before our readers the substance of what he has advanced; but the specimen which we have already given will, we flatter ourselves, be a sufficient inducement to all those who have a regard for religion, and the professors of it, to peruse the whole of this truly ingenious and valuable performance.

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ART. V. *A Description of the Maritime Parts of France, containing a particular Account of all the fortified Towns, Forts, Harbours, Bays, and Rivers, with their Tides, Currents, Soundings, Shoals, &c. Also of all Manufactures, and Articles of Commerce, and of the most remarkable Invasions, Sieges, and Sea-Fights, which have happened on or near that Coast. Illustrated with Charts of the Sea-Coast, and Plans of all the fortified Places on it. Collected from the best Authorities. Engraved by Thomas Jefferys, Geographer to his Majesty. To which are prefixed, a Glossary, and Plans of the several Parts of Fortification, on two Plates, to explain the Terms made use of in the Work. Fol. Pr. 2l. 2s. Jefferys.*

THE public is greatly obliged to the endeavours of the editor of this collection, to promote geography as a branch of science essential to the scholar, and to advance the general interest of the nation by an exact topography, and accurate maps, charts, plans, and draughts of those countries, coasts, harbours, and cities, with which we are either concerned by war, or connected by commerce. To his early and well-timed labours the nation is indebted for the first clear state of the dispute about Acadia, which he set forth in a sensible pamphlet, accompanied by an

excellent map of the lands in controversy; and to him we owe most of those plans of battles, sieges, and countries, that have been the theatres of war since the commencement of our rupture with France. Our general unacquaintance with the enemy's coast, so apparent when the expeditions against St. Malo's, Rochefort, and St. Cas took place, is alone sufficient to evince the utility of the present design. To the shame of our nobility and gentry who travel for improvement, be it spoken, there was not in the kingdom a person, except one gentleman, an engineer by profession, who had the least idea of the harbour or fortifications of Rochefort, at the time an armament was equipping to annoy the enemy by an attack on that quarter. Even our naval officers, who had picqued themselves the most on a perfect knowledge of the coast, and had recommended themselves to notice, by specious pretensions to ———, proved their ignorance, not only of the soundings but of the fit places for debarkation, the avenues to the town, and the strength and position of the fortifications. It is not our intention, however, to reflect on the conduct of individuals; our design is no more than to demonstrate, from recent fatal experience, the utility of such a performance as we now exhibit to view, if executed with tolerable care and ability. This is a point beyond the reach of our criticism, which must be left to the determination of the public, and to trial; at least in the more important circumstances; we mean the accuracy of the draughts, the plans, the soundings, &c. for as to the historical narrative, the origin, progress, commerce, buildings, &c. of the towns and cities, that is rather matter of curiosity and speculation, than of immediate advantage.

That the reader may be fully apprized of what he is to expect in this performance, we shall give him the following extract from the author's preface:

‘ When we have occasion to mention any fact of an uncommon, or surprising nature, we have generally given our authority either in the text, or in a note; but, as we do not mean that any fact should depend merely upon our assertion, we shall therefore mention the principal authors we have consulted on this occasion, that those, who please to take the trouble, may see how far we have done them justice. In the description of places, we have been greatly obliged to Mr. Belidor's *Architecture Hydraulique*; M. Piganiol de la Force's *Nouvelle Description de la France*; *Etat de la France*, par M. le Comte de Boulainvilliers; *Description géographique et historique de la Haute Normandie*; *Dictionnaire Universel de la France ancienne et moderne*; and some other tracts upon particular provinces.



In the historical part we have consulted the French historians, especially Thuani Histor. sui temporis; Mezeray's Histoire de la France; depuis Faramond jusqu' a maintenant Histoire de la Bretagne; Father Daniel; Memoirs of the Duke of Sully, with several others; and the English historians in general, particularly Molyneux's late treatise on Conjunct Expeditions, to which we are indebted for the accounts we have given of the descents made upon the coasts of France since the commencement of the present war. Besides the materials we have from these authors, some persons of credit and reputation, who have had the best opportunities of being acquainted with several parts of the French coast, have been kind enough to communicate their observations; and we have been indulged with the use of a manuscript, containing excellent remarks and observations, made, by a gentleman of great worth and learning, upon some parts of that coast, which he had visited in the course of his travels; out of which we have inserted several material things into our description of Marseilles, and other places on the coast of the Mediterranean; and therefore take this opportunity to return our grateful acknowledgments to the ingenious author.

We shall only add, that the historical part is entertaining, the maps projected upon a distinct scale, and the plans extremely well engraved; but how accurately we must submit to more competent judges.

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ART. VI. *Le Petit Neptune Francois: or, The French Coasting Pilot. Being a particular Description of the Bays, Roads, Rocks, Sands, Land-Marks, Depths of Water, Bearings, and Distances from Place to Place; the Setting and Flowing of the Tides on the Coast of France. With Tables of the Latitude, Longitude, and Tides. Translated from the Petit Flambeau de la Mer of Du Boscage. With large Improvements from the Great Neptune Francois, Bellin, Belidor, &c. In which the Courses and Distances are ascertained, from the Astronomical Observations of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris. Illustrated with Seventy Views of the different Appearances of Land, and Thirty New Charts. Drawn from the Large Map of France taken by Triangles by M. Cassini de Thury, &c. &c. Engraved by Thomas Jefferys, Geographer to his Majesty. 4to. Pr. 12s. Jefferys.*

FROM the general title of this performance, it may be supposed extremely analogous to the preceding, though, in fact, they are totally different in the design. This relates

wholly to the mariner; and to every other reader will prove not only void of entertainment, but of utility likewise. It may be deemed an essential appendix, however, to *the Description of the Maritime Parts of France*, and the best *Vade Mecum* ever contrived for seamen, as it is deduced from undoubted authority; a work, compiled under the direction of the renowned Colbert, that celebrated French Mecenas, the ornament and support of his country. The esteem in which the *Petit Flambeau* has been held by all the mariners of France and Holland, cannot fail of recommending the Neptune François to the British seaman, especially at a time when our fleets are continually stationed upon the coasts of France, and the nation deeply interested in a minute knowledge of whatever can render their situation more secure or commodious.

By the editor we are informed, that he has greatly improved the French work, by a variety of general and particular charts, not included in the *Flambeau*, collected either in manuscript, or from authentic maps and charts, separately published. He has been chiefly obliged to the large map of France, laid down after an actual survey by Miraldi and Cassini, in which the distances are adjusted by astronomical observations; to the large Neptune François, Friex's map of Flanders; an anonymous but authentic survey of Lower Normandy; la Pegeries's survey of the Cotentin; Dobree and Bellin's charts of the islands of Guernsey and Jersey, and a variety of other maps and charts, not to be met together in any collection.

We first meet with an exceeding useful table, determining the longitude and latitude of the chief places on the coast of France, from the astronomical observations of M. Miraldi and M. Cassini de Thury. Next follows a table, by M. Bellidor, shewing the time of high tides on the coasts and in the ports of France and Flanders, at the new and full moon. Then succeed directions for sailing along the coast between Ostend and Calais, with a description of all the land-marks, creeks, rocks, bays, towns, harbours, &c. in a word, of whatever is remarkable or material to the mariner. In the same manner the navigation of the channel is laid down, with the courses and distances, tides, currents, soundings, islands, capes, &c. The third chapter contains directions for sailing on the French coast towards the Atlantic ocean; and the same minuteness observed as in the former. In the fourth chapter we meet with explicit directions for sailing on the coast in the Bay of Biscay. Here the soundings are probably very accurate, as they were taken by M. Magin, engineer to the marine, at the express order of his most Christian majesty. The fifth, and last chapter, contains directions for sailing on the coast of France, washed by the  
Medi-



Mediterranean, with a perspective view of the whole coast, upon a scale that appears to be accurate.

Upon the whole, this work will prove useful and commodious to all who are not sufficiently acquainted with the French language to peruse the large *Neptune François*; or whose situation and circumstances may render such a purchase inconvenient.

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ART. VII. *The Rosciad.* By the Author. 4to. Price 1 s. Flexney.

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THE *Rosciad* is a well-written, ill-natured, ingenious, abusive poem; levelled principally against a set of men, whom, as not being able to return the compliment, it was rather ungenerous to attack; namely, the inferior players of the two theatres. It may perhaps be matter of triumph to a young officer to rout these *raggamuffins*, but surely an able general would hardly have thought them worth powder and shot: W---d, H---d, P---r, S---r, A---n, S---h, R---s, and in short the whole groupe of second, third, fourth, and fifth-rate actors, are most severely handled, their \* *theatrical* faults, placed in the most glaring light, and even their † *private* foibles malevolently ridiculed and exposed. The observations with regard

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\* For example:

‘ Here H-v--d, all serene, in the same strains,  
Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains;  
His easy vacant face proclaim’d an heart  
Which could not feel emotions nor impart.  
With him came mighty D---: — On my life  
That D---s hath a very pretty wife!  
Statesman all over! — In plots famous grown! —  
He mouths a sentence, as---curs mouth a bone.’

† Speaking of every body knows who, our author says,

‘ Truant to love and false to L---a’s charms,  
He fled ungrateful from her virtuous arms;  
In vain recall’d, renounc’d love’s softer claim,  
And hither came to seek the bubble *Fame*.  
Ah! to thy L---a’s charms again return;  
With her in mutual flames of rapture burn;  
Unequal to this great attempt, remove  
The itch of honour with the p-x of love.’

This is gross and illiberal, and such language as a polite writer would never condescend to make use of.

to their respective merits are, for the most part, just, tho' not new, being indeed no more than the eccho of the critics in every coffee-house, put into tolerable good rhyme. The whole drift of the performance seems to be plainly and indisputably this : first, to throw all the players, like so many faggots, into a pile, and set fire to them by way of a sacrifice to the modern Roscius ; and, secondly, to do the same by all the wits and poets of the age, in compliment to *Messieurs Lloyd and Colman*, the heroes of the piece. Mr. G—— is seated between these two gentlemen,

————— like Hercules

Supported by the pillars he had rais'd.

There he receives incense, which they stuff up his nostrils at a most profuse rate : tho' Mr. G——, after all, wants no such support, nor desires to receive such incense, and is, we doubt not by this time heartily sick of the perpetual perfume ; but it is the fate of theatrical, as of other monarchs, to suffer more flattery, as well as more abuse, than all their subjects. The author, however, has spared a little *flummery* for two or three favourite subalterns. Mrs. Clive is complimented highly.

‘ In spite of outward blemishes she shone,  
For humour fam'd, and humour all her own.  
Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,  
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod.  
Original in spirit and in ease,  
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to please,  
No comic actress ever yet could raise,  
On humour's base, more merit or more praise.’

The lines describing the inimitable Cibber are expressive of her character, and extremely poetical.

‘ Form'd for the tragic sene, to grace the stage  
With rival excellence of love and rage,  
Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill  
To turn and wind the passions as she will,  
To melt the heart with sympathetic woe,  
Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow ;  
To put on frenzy's wild distracted glare,  
And freeze the soul with horror and despair.

‘ Nobly disdainful of each slavish art,  
She makes her first attack upon the heart :  
Pleas'd with the summons, it receives her laws ;  
And all is silence, sympathy, applause.’

Mrs. Pritchard comes in likewise for her share of deserved praise, which the author, we suppose, was more ready to bestow



Now on her, as it gave him an opportunity of introducing an encomium on the *Jealous Wife* :

‘ The *Jealous Wife*, on that thy trophies raise,  
Inferior only to the author’s praise.’

Though our author, as we see by the above quotations, now and then deviates into panegyric, he quickly returns to his dearly-beloved *satire*, which, like another *Drawcanfir*, he deals about most furiously on friends and foes : all F---te’s merit lies in *distortion*, and W-----d’s in *grimace*.

‘ Merit he had, some merit in his way,  
But seldom found out in what part it lay :’

Which, by the bye, are two of the baldest lines in the whole performance.

B---y, if we believe this severe critic, has no merit : Y---s is an imperfect blunderer ; and K--g *shines in brass*. H---nd is a *Garrick* at second hand ; and O---n only an imitator of W-----d’s defects. The admirers of Q-----n, both as an actor and a man, will be sorry to see their old friend thus severely handled :

‘ His eyes in \*gloomy socket taught to roll,  
Proclaim’d the sullen habit of his soul ;  
Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,  
Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.

‘ From the tame scene, which without passion flows,  
With just desert his reputation rose ;  
Nor less he pleas’d, when on some surly plan,  
He was at once the actor, and the man ;  
In whate’er cast his character was laid,  
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play’d.  
Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in :  
Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff, still ’twas Q-----n.’

Mr. Q-----n’s friends, (amongst whom we shall be proud to count ourselves) can only say in answer to this, that if he is really possessed of half the honesty, sincerity, wit, humour, and good-nature of these characters, which this writer seems to insinuate he *is*, he is certainly a most worthy and most amiable man ; but this we leave to those who have heard him on the stage, and known him in private life. With regard to the influence which his *natural* turn of mind had on his *assumed* character, we

\* Concerning this gloomy habit of his soul, we must refer our readers to Mr. Q-----’s bottle companions, who, we believe, will give a very different account of it,

shall

shall only observe, that *nature* (as our author observes) will always *creep in*. It is *natural* for young authors to conceive themselves the cleverest fellows in the world, and withal, that there is not the least degree of merit subsisting but in their *own* works: it is *natural* likewise for them to imagine, that they may conceal themselves by appearing in different shapes, and that they are not to be found out by their *stile*; but little do these *Connoisseurs* in writing conceive, how easily they are discovered by a veteran in the service. In the title page to this performance we are told (by way of quaint conceit) that it was written by *the author*; what if it should prove that the author and the † actor are the same! certain it is, that we meet with the *same* vein of peculiar humour, the same facility of versification, the same turn of thought, the same affected contempt of the antients, the same extravagant praise of the moderns, the same *autophilism* (there's a new word for you to bring into your next poem) which we met with in the other,

When, in discoursing of each mimic elf,  
We praise and censure with an eye to *self*;

Insomuch that we are ready to make the conclusion in the *author's* own words :

Who is it ?——LLOYD.

We will not pretend, however, absolutely to assert, that Mr. L—— wrote this poem; but we may venture to affirm, that it is the production, jointly or separately, of the new triumvirate of wits, who never let an opportunity slip of singing their own praises. *Caw me, caw thee*, as Sawney says, and so to it they go, and *scratch* one another like so many Scotch pedlars.

After all, we are so far from denying the merit of this little piece, that we recommend it to our readers as a very ingenious performance; but at the same time cannot help crying out, with one who was formerly reckoned a tolerable good poet,

“Curs'd be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,  
That tends to make *one* worthy man my *foe*.”

The author of this, we think, has made many such: we would advise him therefore to put less gall into his ink, and make use of a softer pen for the future.

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† See a very pretty poem with that title, printed not long since.



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ART. VIII. *The History of the Theatres of London and Dublin, from the Year 1730 to the present Time. To which is added, An Annual Register of all the Plays, &c. performed at the Theatres-Royal in London, from the Year 1712. With occasional Notes and Anecdotes, by Mr. Victor, late one of the Managers of the Theatre-Royal in Dublin. In Two Volumes. 12mo. Pr. 6s. Davies.*

THOSE readers who have been delighted with the sprightly chat, the easy humour, and the inimitably facetious assurance of the late laureat, in his apology for his own life, will not be displeased with the entertainment here served up by Mr. Victor, whose labours form a natural supplement to that ingenious comedian's historical view of the stage during his own time. Our author is equally fraught with theatrical intelligence, and entertaining anecdotes: he is big with self-approbation, and no less diverting in his vanity than his worthy predecessor. He enjoyed a personal acquaintance with all the eminent actors, from the days of Betterton; he has appeared in the different characters of author, manager, and, if we mistake not, of player; he possessed the confidence of patentees and poets; was engaged in the intrigues of the contending theatrical interests at London and Dublin; and is of consequence intimately versed in the rise, progress, fortunes, merits, and characters of the several comedians, from the proudest hero that struts in buskins, to the humblest candle-snuffer. The reader will find himself considerably interested in the fate of the stage, at a period when the managers of Drury-Lane and Lincoln's-Inn-Fields were exerting their utmost vigour and address to destroy each other; when the town was divided into factions, siding with one or other as choice or caprice directed; when the whole nation exclaimed against the licensing act, and the power vested in the lord chamberlain; and lastly, when the people were in arms to oppose the opening of a French theatre, at a time when two of our own theatres were shut up, and the players starving in jails.

Our author's view of the Irish stage, under the management of Mr. Sheridan and himself, is replete with entertainment, as it strongly characterises the genius of the people, and that ardent passion for liberty, which beats high in the bosoms of perhaps the most oppressed subjects of the British crown. Mr. Victor speaks in terms of the most respectful gratitude of Ireland, which he calls the country of *Hospitality* and true *Benevolence*, though we have reason to believe, from his own account, that he profited little by this amiable disposition of the people. The narrative of Mr. Sheridan's dispute with the town, and the origin of the

*Beefsake*

*Beefstake Club*, at which the witty and polite Mrs. W—f—n presided, afford great entertainment; but satisfactory extracts would greatly exceed our limits. We shall therefore content ourselves with exhibiting, as specimens of our author's manner, a few anecdotes of the wits of the last age, not universally known.

The following pleasant story of Mr. Gay, soon after he had composed his tragedy called the *Captives*, is related. 'He had interest enough with the late queen Caroline, then princess of Wales, to excite her royal highness's curiosity to hear the author read his play to her at Leicester-house. The day was fixed, and Mr. Gay was commanded to attend. He waited some time in a presence-chamber with his play in his hand; but being a very modest man, and unequal to the trial he was going to, when the door of the drawing-room, where the princess sat with her ladies, was opened for his entrance, he was so much confused, and concerned about making his proper obeysance, that he did not see a low footstool, that happened to be near him, and stumbling over it, he fell against a large screen, which he overset, and threw the ladies into no small disorder. Her royal highness's great goodness soon reconciled this whimsical accident, but the unlucky author was not so soon clear of his confusion.'

Our author's account of Norris, celebrated for his humorous vein in low comedy, will not be displeasing to the curious in anecdote. 'He was an actor, that seemed to derive a great part of his merit from the oddity of his little, formal figure, and his singular, squeaking tone of voice, and to that degree, that his entrance into a coffee-house, and calling to the waiter for a dish of coffee in the soberest mood, would have raised a smile in the face of the gravest man present.

'When Farquhar brought his *Constant Couple*, or, *Trip to the Jubilee*, on the stage, Norris was so universally admired in the part of *Dickey*, that he retained the name of *Jubilee Dickey* to his death. As he lay bed-ridden some time, quite worn out with age, I remember to have heard from those about him the following odd passage. His relations seemed uneasy at his lying so long without help, and would send for a physician, though against his positive order. When the doctor came to his bedside, he asked the patient the usual questions; to which Norris gave no manner of answer: but being pressed very much by the doctor to speak to him, he at last turned his head, and in his usual comic, squeaking voice, said, *Doctor, pray can you tell how to make an old clock go when the wheels are all worn out?* He died soon after.'

This



This very extraordinary anecdote Mr. Victor relates of Spillar, remarkable for that capacity of transforming himself naturally into every character he represented. 'An extraordinary instance of this appeared the first night of his acting, in a new comedy called the *Artful Husband*; his patron and admirer, the late duke of Argyle, went to see the comedy; but his attention was entirely engrossed by a new actor, as his grace then thought him, and to so great a degree, that the duke recommended him that night behind the scenes to Mr. Rich, as a young actor of merit, and one that deserved his encouragement.'

Mr. Victor's character of Mr. Booth, his favourite comedian, we may venture to pronounce masterly: 'He was of a middle stature, five feet eight, his form inclined to the athletic, though nothing clumsy or heavy.

'His air and deportment naturally graceful; he had a marking eye, and a manly sweetness in his countenance.

'His voice was completely harmonious, from the softness of the flute to the extent of the trumpet.

'His attitudes were all picturesque; he was noble in his designs, and happy in his execution.

'It was this actor's peculiar felicity to be heard and seen the same, whether as the *pleased*, the *grieved*, the *pitying*, the *reproachful*, or the *angry*. One would almost be tempted to borrow the aid of a very bold figure, and, to express this excellence the more significantly, beg permission to affirm, that the *blind* might have seen him in his *voice*, and the *deaf* have heard him in his *visage*.'

'As to his abilities, he was an excellent scholar, and had a fine taste for poetry, painting, and statuary; of these he has left us eminent proof.

'I will not enlarge on the various characters in which he excelled; and therefore shall only observe, that in *Othello* he has left the strongest impression on me.'

We shall close our extracts with the character of *Boheme*, an excellent actor, according to our author, whose name is very little known.

'Boheme was bred a sailor, and quitted the quarter-deck for the stage. He was tall and erect, with a manly countenance; but by walking the decks of the ship from a boy, he had contracted a straddling in his gait, of which no art or application could ever cure him.

'His

‘His first appearance was at a booth in Southwark fair, which, in those days, lasted two weeks, and was much frequented by persons of all distinctions, of both sexes; he acted the part of *Menelaus* in the best droll I ever saw, called the *Siege of Troy*.

‘After the entertainment was over, my curiosity led me behind the scenes, to enquire after the new agreeable actor; there I was told he was engaged by the manager of Lincoln’s-Inn-Fields theatre, to be in his company the following season.

‘He appeared there very soon, in capital characters; but that company (though composed of Keen, Quin, Ryan, Leigh, Walker, Boheme, Spillar, Griffin, Eggleton, old and young Bullock, all actors of merit) being so inferior to the powerful theatre-royal in Drury-Lane, they never could see any thing like an audience to any play without an interest, till the success of Pantomimes, and the Beggar’s Opera, in the year 1727: yet all those who were judges of nature, and who casually went thither, were surprised and charmed with the musical, pathetic tones of grief, that went pointed to the heart, from this captivating speaker.

‘In some scenes in *King Lear* (though he wanted judgment to mark and support the fine variety in that character) he has surprised many a critic with his powers, in the distressful passages; and in the *Herod and Mariamne*, written by Mr. Fenton, he distinguished himself like an actor of importance, in the character of *Herod*.

‘He had also a singular vein of humour, and was excellent in some parts of comedy.

‘*Boheme* died of a fever, in the prime of his life, and before that theatre was brought into vogue by pantomimes; by which means this very extraordinary actor was not generally known.’

Upon the whole, though we cannot bestow great praise on this performance of Mr. Victor’s, we must nevertheless allow it to be fraught with entertainment, and the inoffensive amusement of an idle forenoon.



ART. IX. *The History of the Popes, from the Foundation of the See of Rome, to the present Time. Vol. V. By Archibald Bower, Esq; heretofore public Professor of Rhetoric, History, and Philosophy, in the Universities of Rome, Fermo, and Macerata, and, in the latter Place, Counsellor of the Inquisition. 4to. Price 12s. Sandby.*

**T**HIS volume begins with the papacy of Hadrian II. and the historical part of it concludes with that of Paschal II. comprehending a period of 251 years, though the transactions of it, which precede the elevation of Gregory VII. are not very interesting. With respect to the execution, we have compared great part of this volume with the annals of Baronius, and the history of the popes supposed to be written by Bruys; and we find nothing that should entitle Mr. Bower's work to the preference over the translation of Bruys's performance, except his having avoided a small anachronism into which this latter has fallen, with respect to the emperor Lewis II. who was besieged in a tower by the duke of Benevento, and obliged to purchase his liberty with an oath, of which the pope absolved him: Bruys places this event in the year 871, under the papacy of Hadrian; whereas Bower, upon better authority, throws it among the transactions of the year 873, and rightly ascribes the absolution to pope John VIII. who was Hadrian's successor. As to the arrangement and choice of events, we find no material difference between Bower and Bruys; and both quote from the same authorities. The stile and manner indeed are extremely different, but we cannot say the balance lies on the side of the English historian; nor do we find that he has treated the popes or popery with more freedom than we meet with in divers writers who professed the catholic religion. Within the period of which our author treats at present, there is a succession of such miscreants, that some of them are given up as the most abandoned wretches, even by Baronius and Platina.

Of pope John VIII. there is no character in Bower; but Bruys describes it to this effect: 'The annals of Fulda say he was poisoned; but those who administered the potion, seeing it did not operate to their mind, killed him with the blow of a hammer on the head, a death worthy of the infamous life he had led: for, even Baronius cannot help saying he perjured himself in the cause of Photius; and infringed in a scandalous manner all the regulations of his predecessors. He is also of opinion, that it was John's effeminacy that gave rise to the fable of pope Joan \*.

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\* In this particular Mr. Bower is of a different opinion.

destitute of all masculine vigour, without the courage of a man, or the fortitude of a pastor; that he was even less resolute than an eunuch, and enervated to such a degree, that he did not deserve to be ranked among the male-sex.'

Mr. Bower, in his life of Stephen V. or VI. records the following miracle, without any other comment, but that his generosity and charity to the poor do more honour to his memory than all his miracles. An observation that does not imply his disbelieving the said miracle.

'Stephen was come of a noble and wealthy family, was greatly beloved by pope Hadrian II. and likewise by Marinus, who ordained him priest, and was held in the greatest veneration by all ranks of men for the purity and sanctity of his life. They had long had a great drought at Rome, and the neighbouring country was at the same time infested by prodigious swarms of locusts, that every where devoured the fruits of the earth, which the Saracens were not able to carry off. Thus a dreadful famine began to rage in Rome. But the very day Stephen was chosen, and even before he got to the Lateran palace, a plentiful shower fell; and as to the locusts, in order to encourage the people to destroy them, he publicly promised a reward of six denarii a bushel. But finding that they multiplied as fast as they were destroyed, and consequently that to extirpate them he must put himself to the expence of a miracle, he blessed a great quantity of water, and distributed it among the people, ordering them to sprinkle their corn and vines with it. They did so; and the ground was soon seen every-where covered with heaps of those dead insects.'

The same miracle is related by Bruys, with these observations: 'Christian Rome and pagan Rome have had always the same fondness for miracles: at all times they had their prodigies, and believed them upon very slight foundation, as the custom is, when the minds of men view things on the side of religion; in that case a great many prodigies are reported, and these reports increase in proportion to the number of weak enthusiasts who believe such inventions. Every one easily persuades himself that such a concurrence and concert could come only from above; and though, in all other things, the surest method to raise doubt and distrust, is to say too much; yet in respect to miracles, the surest means of obtaining belief is to preserve no medium: the more they are talked of, the more they are believed to be the finger of God.'

Mr. Bower tells us, page 77, that pope Theodore II. caused the body of his predecessor Formosus (the most infamous wretch that ever lived) to be taken from the Tiber, (into which it had

been



been thrown) and restored with great solemnity to his sepulchre in the vatican. He adds, Luitprand writes, that upon the dead body being carried into the church, it was saluted, as many Romans informed him, by all the images of the saints there. We should be glad to know what is Mr. Bower's opinion of this matter; and what his reasons were for inserting these miracles, without any antidote in behalf of weak minds.

The elegance of our historian's style, and the importance of his subjects, the reader will conceive from the following extracts:

‘ LEO V. *The hundred and seventeenth Bishop of Rome.*

‘ To Benedict was substituted Leo, the sixth of that name, a native of Ardea. But he was soon driven out by one of his own priests named Christopher, and thrown into prison, where he died of grief, as we read in Signonius. In some catalogues he is said to have held the see thirty days, in others forty, and in some one month and twenty-six, or twenty-seven days. All we know for certain is, that Christopher was possessed of the pontifical dignity in the month of December of the present year 103. Flodoard says no more of this pope than that he died before the end of two lunar months.

‘ CHRISTOPHER. *The hundred and eighteenth Bishop of Rome.*

‘ Christopher, the successor of Leo, was by birth a Roman, and the son of one Leo. All we know of him is, that he intruded himself into the see by open force and violence, that he treated his predecessor with great barbarity, and confirmed all the privileges, that his predecessors had granted to the famous abbey of Corbie. The diploma, confirming those privileges, is dated, the seventh of the calends of January, the seventh indiction, that is, the twenty-fifth of December 903, in the reign of our most pious emperor Lewis. Christopher therefore had seized on the see, before the twenty-fifth of December of the present year. But he held it, as we read in Martinus Polonus, in Flodoard, and in most of the catalogues, only six, or at most seven months, being driven from it by Sergius, who first confined him to a monastery, and afterwards shut him up in a dungeon, where he died of the hardships he underwent. Manlius supposes him to have been buried in the Vatican, and the following epitaph, that was found in the ruins of the ancient church to be his:

*Hic pia Christopheri requiescunt membra sepulti.*

But one would think the epithet *pious* could scarce be bestowed upon him, or his bones.

• **SERGIUS III.** *The hundred and nineteenth Bishop of Rome.*

• Christopher being driven from the see, Sergius, the third of that name, a native of Rome, the son of Benedict, and presbyter of the Roman church, intruded himself into it in his room. He was chosen upon the death of Theodore II. as has been related above, but obliged by the more powerful party of John IX. to quit Rome before his ordination, and lie concealed for the space of seven years, that is from the year 898 to 904, when the faction of Adelbert, marquis of Tuscany, who had espoused his cause, prevailing, he returned, drove out Christopher, and placed himself on the chair in his room. He was, says Baronius, the slave of every vice, and the most wicked of men. In these unhappy times lived, and, in a manner, reigned at Rome the celebrated Theodora and her two daughters Marozia and Theodora. They were of a senatorial family, and no less celebrated for their beauty, their wit, and address, than infamous for the scandalous lives they led. Marozia cohabited with Adelbert, marquis of Tuscany, who having seized on the castle Sant Angelo, delivered it up to her, and from thence she, her mother and sister, supported by the marquis and his party, governed Rome without controul, and disposed of the holy see to whom they pleased. Adelbert had a son by Marozia, named Alberic; but she nevertheless prostituted herself to the pope, and his holiness had by her a son called John, whom we shall soon see raised to the papal chair, by the interest of his mother.

• Sergius is said to have granted the pall to the archbishop of Cologne, and to have exempted the church of Hambourg, or Bremen from all subjection to that see. He rebuilt, decorated, and enriched with many valuable presents the Lateran church, which had stood, says John the Deacon, ever since the time of Constantine the Great, but fell in the pontificate of Stephen VI. The deacon speaks favourably of this pope, and, if we believe what we read in his epitaph, he was unjustly driven from the see by John IX. and resumed the pontifical dignity at the earnest desire of the Roman people. But all the writers, who lived the nearest to those times, speak of pope Sergius III. as a man abandoned to all manner of vice, and the most wicked of men. However, we read of a solemn embassy sent to him by Leo emperor of the East on the following occasion. The emperor had married three wives; but as they had all proved barren, he resolved to marry a fourth, named Zoe, by whom he had, in his first wife's life-time, a son called Constantine



time. As third and fourth marriages were forbidden in the Greek church, Nicholas, then patriarch, not only refused to perform the marriage-ceremony, but deposed the presbyter, who performed it, and would not allow the emperor to enter the church. Hereupon Leo applied to the pope; and Sergius, not satisfied with approving of his marriage, there being no law in the Latin church forbidding a man to marry as many wives as he pleases, dispatched legates to Constantinople solemnly to confirm the marriage which the emperor had contracted. The patriarch however continued to oppose it as unlawful and null, nor could he ever be prevailed upon to acknowledge Constantine for lawful heir to the imperial crown. His obstinacy, or rather his strict observance of the laws of his church, provoked the emperor to such a degree, that he sent him into exile, and raised Euthymius, his syncellus, to the patriarchal see in his room.

Sergius enjoyed the pontifical dignity seven years and three months, as we read in Hermannus Contractus, Martinus Polonus, and most of the catalogues. As he was therefore ordained, about the beginning of June 904, his death must have happened about the latter end of August 911.

\* **ANASTASIUS III.** *The hundred and twentieth Bishop of Rome.*

Sergius was succeeded by Anastasius III. by birth a Roman and the son of one Lucian. The only thing we know of him, that deserves any notice, is, that at the request of Berengarius, king of Italy, he sent many rich ornaments to the church of Pavia, and granted to the bishop of that city the use of a canopy, the privilege of riding a white horse with the cross carried before him, and of sitting in all councils at the pope's left hand. Ciaconius adds, upon whose authority I know not, that he repaired the church of St. Hadrian, that was ready to fall, and there consecrated an altar of his own erecting.

To this pope Nicholas of Constantinople wrote a long letter, to acquaint him with what had passed between him and the emperor on occasion of that prince's fourth marriage. The emperor finding, according to his account, that he could by no means prevail upon him to authorize his incontinence, ordered him to be seized at a grand entertainment, to which he had invited him, to be conveyed from thence on board a vessel, and carried into exile. However he repented, a little before his death, of what he had done, and bewailing it with floods of tears, recalled him from exile, and restored him to his see. In that letter the patriarch bitterly inveighs against third and

fourth marriages, stigmatizing them with the name of an *impure conjunction*, and treating those, who countenance or encourage them, as promoters and encouragers of concubinage. The words of St. Paul, *it is better to marry than to burn*, he absurdly restrains to women only, as if it were better for men to burn than to marry, and loudly complains of the pope's legates for presuming to approve what the bishops in the East had all, with one voice, condemned as repugnant to the laws of the church and the gospel. He adds, that he did not intend that his holiness should brand the memory, either of the late emperor, or of his predecessor Sergius for what they have done amiss in that affair, since both have been called from this world, to account for their conduct at the tribunal of the sovereign judge, but thinks that they, who have encouraged the emperor to transgress the known laws of the church, and are still living, ought to be punished with the same severity as if they themselves had transgressed them. As Anastasius did not live long enough to answer this letter, the patriarch wrote another to pope John X. of which I shall have occasion to speak in the sequel.

• Anastasius died, according to the computation of the best chronologers, about the middle of October 913, after a pontificate of about two years and two months, and was buried in the Vatican. He is commended in his epitaph, and likewise by Flodoard, for the mildness of his government, for his integrity, and the purity of his manners. He did nothing blame-worthy, says Platina, which, in the popes of those days, was matter of great commendation.

• In the beginning of the pontificate of Anastasius, or in the latter end of his predecessor's, died Leo the Philosopher emperor of the East, and was succeeded by his brother Alexander, who took Constantine, the deceased emperor's son by Zoe, for his partner in the empire.

• LANDO. *The hundred and twenty-first Bishop of Rome.*

• Lando, by birth a Sabine, and the son of Tranus, succeeded Anastasius, but held the see, as we read in Flodoard, only six months and ten days. Rubeus in his history of Ravenna informs us, that mention is made of pope Lando in the tables written by John, archbishop of that city, on the nones of February of the second indiction, that is, on the fifth of February 913. He is supposed to have died about the twenty-seventh of April 914. In his pontificate died, after a very short reign, the emperor Alexander, and by his death Constantine remained sole master of the empire.

Mr.



Bruys, aware of the dryness and futility of these transactions, has intermingled them with a spirited investigation of the politics of the ninth century, including an agreeable and entertaining history of the eastern and western empires.

The history of Hildebrand or Gregory VII. is in itself so interesting, and full of great and extraordinary events, that it was hardly in our author's power to be dry and insipid on the subject; we cannot however perceive that even here, he is more copious than Bruys, whom he has nearly followed in the disposition of the incidents; or that he is comparable to him in spirit and vivacity. To what purpose then should Mr. Bower, who gives us to understand he is independent in his circumstances, trouble himself and the public with writing a history, which is neither shorter, nor cheaper, nor in any shape better than those that are already published on the same subject? Whether is it owing to his zeal for the protestant religion, which he believes is in danger from a combination of Jesuits; or from a desire of fame, or a love of money; or, (which is perhaps stronger than all these) a thirst of revenge? If this last was the motive, we may say the book was written for the sake of the appendix, containing what he calls a summary view of the controversy between the papists and the author; a summary view that takes up very near one third of a very large quarto volume; and puts us in mind of an abridgement of the proceedings of court of chancery in forty eight volumes, folio. This curious summary view is dedicated in the following manner:

' To all true protestants, at home and abroad, the following sheets, displaying to the world the cruel and unjust persecution which the author of the present history has undergone, in this protestant kingdom, from the jesuits, encouraged and aided by a protestant clergyman, and the wicked measures, which they have jointly pursued, to force him back to the idolatrous church and antichristian order he had left, are humbly inscribed, not by an *anonymous libeller*, but by their most obedient, and most obedient, and most humble servant, Archibald Bower.'

If there are no true Protestants but such as believe that Mr. B. has been cruelly and unjustly persecuted, we imagine he might have spared this address or apology, which reminds us of an expedient more than once practised with success by the late Mr. Theophilus Cibber, of facetious memory. It was that gentleman's misfortune to have enemies, to bear an indifferent character in point of morals, and to undergo what he called persecution from those who thought he had no title to favour or encouragement. Theophilus, nevertheless, fought a

good battle against the voice of the public ; he had tears and protestations at command, with a kind of eloquence well calculated to obtain belief and excite compassion ; neither was he destitute of patrons among the great : and what was said of his father, might have been, perhaps, more justly applied to him ;

“ And has not Colly too his lord and whore.”

In a word, *The.* was very assiduous in availing himself of all his advantages, about the benefit-season. He visited in all corners, soliciting, whining, complaining, protesting, and recriminating ; and on the morning of his benefit, he always inserted in the daily papers, a *summary view* of all the wrongs, hardships, calumnies, and persecutions he had undergone. There was such an air of piety, humility, and candour in his address, that one who did not know him would have thought he was the best, and most injured creature alive, and that all the rogues in England were in a conspiracy against him. He knew this belief would produce some effects in his favour, and that the public could not be undeceived until his benefit should be over. Mr. B. was perhaps influenced by nearly the same motives. He had nothing to hope nor to fear from those who were already convinced of his true character ; he had reason to think the public was so cloyed with the dispute, and his antagonist so tired of confuting a man whom no confutation will silence, that this summary view might pass unanswered, and with some people as unanswerable ; and in the mean time promote the sale of his book, before any answer could be published. At any rate, it was his interest to hazard a stroke of this kind. Like *The. Cibber*, in point of emolument he might gain something : in point of r——n he had nothing to lose : in several other situations of life, he resembled that comedian. B. is generally allowed to be an excellent actor in his cast ; so was Cibber ; B. had a very narrow escape from the inquisition of Macerata, and the emissaries of Rome ; Cibber had many *hair-breadth 'scapes* from the bum-bailiffs of England : B. renounced his spiritual, and C. his matrimonial vows : and they were both shrewdly suspected of collusion. B. wrote the *Lives of the P—* ; Cibber wrote the *Lives of the Poets* ; and both works are now in the same degree of reputation. We should be sorry to see the similitude carried on to the last scene. Poor Cibber was invited to a neighbouring kingdom, and met with a watry tomb : Mr. B. will take care how he complies with any invitation from abroad ; and, at any rate, we hope he is in no danger of dying by water.—But to return to his summary view : we have neither leisure nor inclination to engage in a minute discussion of this curious piece ; which, indeed, cannot be discussed without a review, and particular investigation, of all the pamphlets that have been published



lished on both sides of the controversy; a controversy which may be compared to duck or otter hunting, wherein the animal, being compelled to dive in one place, pops up his head in another.

Certain it is, A. B. like an indefatigable beaver, no sooner sees his causeway demolished, than he goes to work again, and has raised such a mound of calumny and equivocation, sophistry and misrepresentation, as can be worth no man's while to dismantle a-new. We have often wondered that Mr. A. B. should have found admittance into the society of Jesus, which generally excludes all but such as have some claim to genius; and we were apt to believe, that he had been some how or other smuggled into their corporation, as the Englishman believed of the North Briton, who told him there was a board of his countrymen held at the bridge of Berwick, to send back all the fools that attempted to cross the Tweed in their way to London. The Englishman, without questioning the truth of this information, very gravely took his pipe from his mouth, and asked the Scotchman in what manner he had been smuggled to the southward.— But, we have at length discovered the excellency of Mr. B.'s genius, which lies in *abuse*, a species of oratory for which we suppose he was appointed professor of rhetoric at the great university of Macerata; a species of rhetoric in which he excels so much, that we will venture to say he would make no inconsiderable figure as master of the college of Billingsgate. It will not be expected that we should follow him in all his doublings, by undertaking a refutation of what he has advanced in his summary view, either against his antagonists, or in his own justification. Such a task would require a whole volume, and, as he full well knows, cannot possibly be comprehended in an article of the Review: perhaps this was one of the considerations that induced him to take the field again. He hoped that nobody would take upon him the Herculean trouble of clearing away that immense load of filth, under which he has buried the essence of the dispute. We have heard of an animal in the northern parts of Europe, which, when pursued for its skin, which is valuable, and hard pressed, finds means to raise such a stench as effectually disturbs and disconcerts the hunters; and, without going abroad, we might instance the old cunning fox, which being hunted out of all his holes, and finding himself in imminent danger of being caught, urines on his own tail, and whisks it about in the eyes of his pursuers, so as to raise an unsufferable odour. His digesting some part of his defence into syllogisms is diverting enough, and puts us in mind of what we learned in our youth, concerning Aristotle's Categories, and the opposition and conversion of propositions.

*Affert*

*Afferit A, negat E, verum generaliter ambæ.*

*Afferit I, negat O, sed particulariter ambo.*

If once a man has learned to chop logic, it signifies not a pin's point, which side of the question he takes; he may, upon either, form syllogisms by mood and figure for half a century together. The art of logic has been transformed into a kind of legerdemain, by which boys can syllogize, or frame arguments, and refute them without any knowledge of the subject. If such quibbles are every day learned by raw boys, what may not be expected from an *emeritus* professor of rhetoric? for example, the first figure, in which the middle term is the subject of the *major* proposition, and the predicate of the *minor*; containing the moods *barbara*, *celarent*, *darii*, *ferio*; so excellent in itself, that all questions or conclusions may be proved by it, whether universal or particular, affirmative or negative.

But we shall leave all these rare subtleties of Mr. B. and all that looks like argument in his summary view, to those who are more nearly concerned in the dispute; and proceed to make some observations on his flowers of obloquy, some of which he has scattered *en passant* upon the writers, and supposed writers of the Critical Review. We are apt to think that Mr. B. never displayed such an extensive knowledge of the English language, in any other of his works, as appears in the terms of reproach he hath collected against the gentleman who undertook to hold him up to the public in his true character. 'He writes (says Mr. B.) in the stile of a ruffian or highwayman. He is the tool of the Jesuits. He pays no regard to conscience, honour, honesty, or truth. He submits to the drudgery of carrying on a persecution under the immediate direction of the Jesuits. He is hardened against all shame and decency. He has a popish patron. His pattern was Iago. He is a man of no principles, moral or religious. He is a tale-bearer, a stabber of reputations, and a slanderer of the dead. He forges testimonies. All the papists and Jacobites, all the monks, popish priests, friars, and jesuits in the island, are, to a man, his friends. He has written four infamous libels. He gives himself the lie without blushing. He is the trumpeter of scandal.

He is a liar, a slanderer, a hypocrite, a malicious informer, like his brother unmasker in Newgate, Macdaniel the thieftaker; his rancour, envy, and badness of heart, are unparalleled; his ignorance, impudence, and knavery are equal to his malice. His language betrays his original meanness, as the ears did the ass in the fable. It is his standing rule and maxim, to speak all words that may do hurt, and never to retract what he



he has spoken, be it ever so prejudicial to the reputation of the dead or the living, and ever so groundless or unanswerably disproved and confuted. He extols the evidence of a popish dram-seller; he is a scurrilous, mannerless, foul-mouthed scold. There is no truth which he is not ready to question; and no falsehood or slander which he is not ready to impose on the public, as the one or the other serves the purposes of his malice. He betrays an unchristian and villainous mind: he is a slanderer and tale-bearer, a friend and ally of the enemies of our country, an abject tool of the Jesuits, imposing lies upon the public, and promoting by that means their wicked designs in the disguise of a protestant clergyman. He has basely prostituted the sacred names of truth and religion, to give a sanctified gloss to his antichristian principles and infamous conduct. He is a malignant slanderer, a false informer, and the basest of hypocrites, worthy of being driven with ignominy from the sacred ministry. He is a scurrilous clerk, an evil-speaking, foul-mouthed priest. He is below the notice of A. B. who is provided with anecdotes relating to his private life and conversation, that would do him no honour, were they published to the world. Among the apostles was a Judas, (he might have said two) and among the English clergy there is a D. For absurdity and nonsense he has not his fellow. A. B. has cleared himself more effectually than the unmasker could clear himself, were he arraigned of a criminal conversation with the widow Hoyles, whom he is known to have frequently visited in a private room, behind that immaculate lady's dram-shop. He is a dealer in popish scandal. In any other country but this, he would be hissed out of every company he came into, as a natural fool, or a designing knave, or a mixture of both. He owes all he has to his being cheap and contemptible. He owes more to the good offices of a fellow-servant of his, a catholic, than to any good qualities of his own. He is a scurrilous babbler; the drudge and jackall of the avowed enemies of our religion, our king, and our country. He is a wretch who could basely prostitute the most respectable character upon earth to the worst of purposes. He is a bungler in logick, a knave, and the worst of knaves. Were he not steeled in impudence, he would be ashamed to show his head. Had it been publicly reported, that the renowned J. D—g—s, for instance, was originally a pickpocket, had the persons been named whose pockets he was said to have picked, and the story had never been contradicted by him, or his most zealous friends, though told in their hearing, who would regard any evidence that he might afterwards procure to clear himself from that imputation? The application is obvious. A. B. is quite astonished

at the ignorance or knavery of their wretched tool, &c. He has given himself over and over again the lie. He is an object not only of contempt, but of detestation and abhorrence. Did the fool and the knave in a more eminent degree ever before meet in one and the same person? He is a canting, hypocritical charlatan, or rather incendiary. So gross an absurdity can be no where possibly found out of the absurd cranium of J. D—g—s. He is a complete knave, worthy to have the venerable habit, which he has so much disgraced, stript over his ears, and thus to be left a public object of infamy and contempt, to earn his bread by his new occupation; an occupation as incompatible with that of a preacher of the gospel, as are lying and flandering with religion and virtue. He is the common ally of Rome and Hell; a back-biter, a railer, a false informer, and tale bearer, &c.—Most of these tropes are repeated in every page, and not confined to Dr. D——s, but liberally distributed among those who are supposed to have adopted the opinions of the said Dr. D——s, touching the said A. B. Nay, he proceeds to stigmatize the very features of Dr. D——s's countenance, and pours such a torrent of false and infamous reproach against the Dr's parents, who are no longer alive to make him smart for his malice, that we would not have our paper stained with a repetition of such shameless and indecent obloquy. Against whom are all these epithets discharged? against an ecclesiastic of irreproachable morals, born a gentleman, regularly educated at the most celebrated university of this island, distinguished by his learning, and his labours against infidelity, respected by the greatest ornaments of our church, and even honoured by the notice and approbation of his sovereign. On the other hand, let us remember from what quarter these articles of defamation come; from A. B. formerly of the society of Jesus, who pretends to have been professor of rhetoric at Rome and Macerata, as also counsellor of the inquisition at Macerata; who declares, that having been shocked at the cruelty of the inquisition of Macerata, exercised upon his particular friend, count Vincenzo de la Torre, married to the daughter of Signior Constantini of Fermo, he escaped from Macerata, repaired to England, renounced the errors of the Roman catholic religion, and undertook to write an history of the popes, in order to give the finishing stroke to the delusions of Rome. He was accordingly, by some well-meaning persons of this kingdom, considered as a valuable acquisition to the protestant faith, and favoured with a very large subscription. But, in the midst of these transactions, he was charged with imposture. It was alledged that long after he arrived in England, he maintained an intimate correspondence with the Jesuits here residing, openly professed the Roman catholic religion, and  
even



even celebrated mass; made profelytes to that faith, lent a considerable sum of money (his all) to the Jesuits, and, in a series of letters to father Sheldon, the provincial of the Jesuits in England, importuned him, in the most earnest terms, that he might be received as a stray sheep brought back to the fold of their society. These allegations were supported by the evidence of persons still alive, by producing seven of the letters said to be written with his own hand, and the books of the banker for the Jesuits who paid him his annuity. Mr. A. B. finding himself hard pressed, acknowledged the money transaction; but insisted upon it, that the letters were forged, and even made affidavit of their being spurious; a plea the more remarkable, as his hand-writing was perfectly well known to many individuals in this capital, and in particular to one person of indubitable credit, who advised him as a friend, at the beginning of the dispute, to own the letters, rather than expose himself to further censure. The gentlemen, who had been insensibly drawn in to exhibit him in his real colours to the public, thinking it incumbent upon him to finish this work of detection, especially when urged to it by persons of the first consideration, procured a number of original affidavits from persons of consequence in Italy, by which it appears that A. B. never was professor of rhetoric at Rome or Macerata; that he never was counsellor of the inquisition at Macerata; that there was in fact no inquisition at Macerata; but a vicar subject to the inquisitor at Ancona; that there was no such person as count Vincenzo de la Torre, or any other person of that name ever imprisoned by the inquisition; and that no daughter of Signor Constantini of Fermo was ever married to any such person: that, however, there was such a person as A. B. first student in philosophy at Rome, and afterwards reader of physics, in the fourth year of philosophy, catechist of the day brothers and girls, and one of the consultors to the rector of the Jesuits college at Macerata; a man of a very indifferent character, who fled from Italy on account of some unlawful commerce with a nun. These affidavits, authenticated with all the usual forms, are signed by the notary. Sig. Eusebio Antonio Calabrini, after having examined the registers of the tribunal: by Prospero Ascenziarii, a canon of Macerata; by Joseph Ignatius Zabberoni, inquisitor-general of Ancona; by Cristiano Cap. Constantini; by the notary Andreas Cotononi of Monte Santo; and by Hieronymus Ridolphi, provincial of the Roman province. These, and a number of letters relating to this imposture, and the seven in A. B's own hand-writing, are deposited, for the inspection of the curious, in the Bodleian library. We have here only mentioned the essential articles, without enumerating other subordinate instances of fraud and imposture,

imposture, with respect to his age and studies, the adventure of father Strachan's horse, which he is said to have borrowed at Douay, and sold for his own use at Calais; his gallantries and intrigues in London, his affair of the woman and child, and his pretended money transaction, relating to the church of St. Botolph. Whoever wants to be acquainted with all these particulars may peruse a pamphlet published in the year 1758, intituled, *A complete and final Detection of A. B. &c.*

To all this evidence, he has not one fact to oppose, and indeed, hardly any answer to make, but this, that all these attestations are procured from Roman catholics, his professed enemies, whose protestations and oaths are not to be believed. How far this inference will be deemed conclusive, in a case that could not possibly admit of any other evidence, we shall leave the candid reader to determine; as also to judge, whether the single affirmation of one apostate, ought to weigh against a concatenation of concurring circumstances, a similitude of his hand-writing, in which no marks of forgery have ever appeared to the most curious inspection of those to whom it was most familiar; the attestation by letter, of many creditable persons, foreigners as well as natives; and the attestation upon oath, of all those, without exception, who could be supposed acquainted with the transaction. We, ourselves, have seen a letter from the celebrated father Boscovich, equally eminent for his learning and probity, bearing witness to the imposture of A. B. which letter, together with the affidavit of a person who actually saw A. B. write one of the seven letters, and some other authentic documents of hard digestion, will, we understand, be soon published in a recapitulation of the whole dispute. And then, Mr. A. B. "to dinner with what appetite you may."

With respect to the argumentative part of the summary, we shall say nothing more at present, but point out what we apprehend to be a point blank contradiction in the assertions of this Ex. Jesuit. In his summary, page 137, he says, (speaking of Parisetti) "the conversation lasted but a few minutes, for I found at once, that the lackey, by saying that there was no inquisition at Macerata, meant no more, than that there was no distinct building there called the *inquisition*; which is true; there being such distinct (distinct from the Dominican church) only in the cities where there is an inquisitor-general, and even in very few of them." We should be glad to know how the *quondam* professor of rhetoric will reconcile this paragraph with the following declaration in Bower's answer to a scurrilous pamphlet, published in 1757, page ii. "Being arrived at the *inquisition*, I consigned my prisoner into the hands of the jailor, a lay-



a lay brother of St. Dominic, who shut him up in the dungeon mentioned above, and delivered the key to me. I lay that night in the *palace of the inquisition*." If there was no distinct building at Macerata called the *inquisition*, what was this palace? work upon that, Mr. A. B. — "There is no such distinct building but in the cities where there is an inquisitor-general, &c." does not this imply there was no inquisitor-general at Macerata? (which indeed is true) but how does this expression agree with the following affirmation in page 15. of the forementioned Bower's answer, "Note, under the inquisition at Macerata, are the following cities, Macerata, Tolentino, Jesi, and Osimo, the inquisitor himself residing at Macerata, and his vicars in the other cities?" Or how does this agree with the affidavit of father Zabberoni, the inquisitor-general, who declares upon oath, in express terms, that the vicar of the inquisition at Macerata was, and always had been from the beginning, subject to the general inquisition at Ancona? alas! poor Archy, the more you stir,———"Tu fai come la simia, chi piu va in alto, piu mostra il culo."

But waving this part of the summary; it will be expected that we should take some notice of the dirt he has thrown at the reviewers, who according to his insinuation, are no better than mercenary varlets bribed to abuse him by the Jesuitical faction. Though such a ridiculous absurdity might possibly occur to a wretch nurtured in fraud, and grown old in imposture, who never felt the sacred impulse of truth, or conceived any motive that was not meanly selfish; we will venture to say that, if it was possible to inspect and examine what passes in the breast of A. B. relating to this circumstance, we should find his conscience giving the lie to his insinuation, which indeed was no other than the vehicle of his malice and revenge. Among the reviewers he has singled out for the subject of his abuse, the author of the complete history of England, as the most virulent of all his adversaries, as a tool of the Jesuits, a toad-eater to the Rev. Dr. D—s, a reviler of the constitution under which he lives, and a wretched historian; who hath saved his neck from the pillory, by nothing else than writing inconsistently with his own principles. The natural reply to such a charge, so exhibited by a fellow covered with disgrace, against a gentleman of a fair character, who never engaged in the dispute against him; we say the natural reply would flow——not from the pen; were not the accuser rather the object of contempt than resentment; but he is doubly safe in his old age and his infamy. We shall, nevertheless, give him the satisfaction to know that the author of the complete history of England reviewed no part of the controversy between him and  
Dr.

and Dr. D——s, and consequently is entirely innocent of all that virulence as well as adulation which he has so rashly laid to his charge. It was always that gentleman's opinion, that too much honour had been done A. B. in making him the subject of such an inquiry; that his performance would sink by its own weight; and that the little articles of fraud and falshood, which constituted the charge of imposture, might have been much more properly discussed at the cart's tail, than at the bar of learning and criticism. After this declaration, A. B. cannot think it strange that he is now called upon to point out those instances of inconsistency which saved Dr. S——t from public shame; and those parts of his history where he abuses the constitution under which he lives. If he cannot point out those instances, to prove the charge of sedition, which strikes at the very root of the historian's character, and is manifestly a breach of the peace, he cannot be surprised, or think himself ill used, should the author of the complete history of England have recourse to the protection of that law which, from a tender regard to the peace of the community, has, in former times, not scrupled to inflict penalties on an honest man, actuated by virtuous principles, for telling truth of a p——c d——t, notoriously known to be such. And therefore it is to be hoped it will condignly punish a d——d k——e for having, from motives of the most rancorous malignity, traduced a character hitherto unimpeached. — The reviewers are also taxed with having taken no notice of two letters published by one Mr. Arnold, exposing the wicked conduct of the jesuits towards A. B. &c. and this omission of Arnold's evidence, (saith the honest A. B.) plainly shews under whose influence they write in the present dispute. — We will tell him under whose influence we write: under the influence of truth, conviction, and an honest desire to detect imposture. The pamphlet he mentions never fell under our observation: that is the true reason for its being omitted: but, we shall take occasion to review it hereafter. In the mean time, we must declare, that our conviction is founded on facts and circumstances which cannot be disproved, nor indeed affected by the evidence of any one man. As for Mr. Arnold's dealings with the jesuits, and the infamous commerce with his 'prentice, which he and they recriminate upon one another, Mr. A. B. may see our sentiments of the dispute, in our Review for January, where we take notice of a book expressly written against the jesuits, under the title of "Authentic Memoirs concerning the Portuguese Inquisition," in which Arnold's pamphlet is mentioned.

We have a very indifferent opinion of the morals of the jesuits; but, why we should have a better opinion of A. B. who  
has



has been of that society, we cannot conceive. "Ce que pou-  
lain prend en jeunesse, il le continue en vieillesse." We value  
the testimony of the Jesuits no further than it agrees with rea-  
son, probability, ocular demonstration, and a series of facts  
solemnly attested by a cloud of credible witnesses. After all,  
Mr. A. B. ought to have remembered the Italian proverb, *e me-  
glio piegare che scavezzare*; better bend than break. He ought to  
have squatted down quietly, and let the storm blown over: in  
that case he might have passed the evening of his days in prayer  
and repentance; but, "Lupus pilum mutat non mentem:"  
or, as Aristophanes has it, Οὐποτε καμίνος τὸν καρκίνον ὀρθὰ βαδίζειν.  
You can never teach a crab to go straight forward.

On the whole, when a convicted sinner exhibits genuine  
signs of sorrow and compunction; when he kisses the rod,  
humbles himself in the sight of God and man, and in modest re-  
tirement, sincerely strives to make his peace with heaven; he  
then becomes the object of christian compassion; it is the duty of  
his fellow-creatures to encourage his return to virtue, and gently  
draw the veil of oblivion over his offence: but should a hoary  
c—— be checked in his evening career, and with shameless  
brow insult the man, who, for the public good, pulled off  
the masque of his imposture; should he disclaim conviction, set  
common sense at defiance, retort his own crimes upon the in-  
nocent, with the most inveterate malice, with the most asto-  
nishing effrontery; should he hurl his undistinguishing ven-  
geance with a desperate hand, and employ the last, precious  
moments of his life in propagating calumny, and extending  
delusion; let his grey hairs descend to the grave unpitied, and  
his memory be ever held in detestation and disdain.

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ART. X. *Seasonable Hints from an Honest Man on the present  
important Crisis of a New Reign and a New Parliament.* 8vo.  
Pr. 1s. Millar.

WHETHER or not the candour of those in power will  
allow the hints conveyed by this little production, to flow  
from an upright heart, we will not presume to decide; they  
certainly proceed from an able head, perfectly acquainted with  
the British constitution, eminently skilled in the knowledge of  
courts, the intrigues of the cabinet, and the present situation  
of affairs. At a juncture when the accession of a young mo-  
narch, the dissolution of an old parliament, the peculiar cir-  
cumstances of a destructively successful war, and the hourly  
changes and promotions among placemen, excite a general tu-  
mult and ferment in the nation, this sensible monitor op-

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R

portunately

portunately steps forth, to whisper salutary advice into the ear of the sovereign, to warn him against the artful applications of every set of courtiers, and demonstrate to him the necessity of convincing his people, that they have a prince on the throne, who, knowing that he reigns in the hearts of his united subjects, is determined not to resign himself tamely to the insolent pretensions of any confederacy of ministers. The manner (says our author) in which such a faction is treated, at its first appearance, will have very decisive consequences: it will determine whether the monarch is to reign with that full extent of power, which our well-poised government allows to the crown, or whether he is to content himself with the shadow of royalty, while a set of undertakers for his business intercept his immediate communication with his people, and exert the legal prerogatives of their master, to establish the illegal claims of factious oligarchy. To confirm his own consequence, and secure his ease, the sovereign must begin his reign with such steadiness of conduct, as may convince all who approach him, that he knows it is the duty of his ministers to depend upon him: he must evince his resolution to break all factious connections and confederacies; he must be able to check the importunities of grasping ambition, and steadily say *no*; the judicious use of which expressive monosyllable, will save him a world of trouble, and be the only means of preserving his future honour and dignity.

In the illustration of this doctrine, our ingenious author declares he has no view to the conduct of individuals; and we are willing to give credit to his word, from our desire to see sentiments so worthy of a British patriot, untinctured with acrimony, selfish motives, or private resentments. He proceeds: 'Our kings have sometimes given such an unlimited indulgence to their ministers, that those put into employments scarcely ever looked up to the throne to own their obligations. In consequence, the ministers used the influence of the crown to make it submit to themselves; and having once acquired a number of dependents, purchased by an arbitrary distribution of the king's bounty, they had the insolence to urge the number of their dependents, as a reason why the king should bow to their ministerial omnipotence. A prince, continues he, intimidated by such cabals, hardly deserves pity, because he has the means, had he the spirit, to assert his liberty. The minister, however powerful, borrows his whole lustre from the radiance of the crown, which being removed, he sinks into obscurity.'

After a variety of judicious reflections on the present posture of affairs, our author has recourse to a late period of our history,



tory, when an associated band of insolent ministers presumed to affront and distress the sovereign, by deserting the helm of state at a most critical juncture.

‘What should we think of soldiers says he, who threaten their general to abandon his standards, when the enemy is in sight, tynying not for want of pay, but in hopes to extort from him unreasonable gratifications? What opinion could we have of a crew of sailors, who, when their ship was in danger of sinking, should refuse to stand to the pump, and threaten to go off in the long-boat, unless the master should submit to be put in irons, and allow them to divide the cargo? or, to use an illustration perhaps still more similar to the transaction now alluded to, what notion could we have of the characters of a set of domestics, who, in order to force an indulgent master to submit to them, should insist on his dismissing every friend from his house; require him to take into his family some of their own dependents, who had personally used him ill, and whose presence might be necessary to assist them in enslaving him; and finding him averse to compliance, should take occasion, when they saw his house on fire, to threaten, in a body, they would abandon him, at that dangerous conjuncture, unless he yielded immediately to all their insolent demands?——The questions I now state, but faintly describe the odious circumstances of an *association* of ministers, within the memory of many, but exactly when, I won’t say, who finding that, though they had forced their sovereign to submit to many mortifying indignities and galling concessions, he had too delicate a sense of honour not to make resistance against some of their demands, had recourse to an act of factious insolence, of which no preceding part of our history furnished an example. For, at a time when every honest subject ought to have had full employment in soothing the distresses of majesty, and in defending the tottering throne; when faction should have suspended its ambitious intrigues, to oppose daring disaffection, and too successful rebellion; at that very instant, the nation saw with amazement a *formal confederacy* entered into by the king’s servants, associating to resign, in a body, in hopes that their unhappy sovereign, alarmed to be abandoned at such a crisis of public danger, might be induced to comply with every demand of their insolent ambition, which, hitherto, he had refused to gratify.

‘If my memory fails me not, it was not much above a week after a second victory gained over the king’s forces by the rebels, that this rebellion in the cabinet broke out; a rebellion which impartial posterity will, perhaps, look upon as equally *unnatural* with that of the rebel lords, who were then in arms

against the crown, whose open treasons could scarcely exceed in guilt, the secret cabals of the *associated band of ministers*, who, by their conduct on this occasion, convinced the world that it was the principal article in their political creed, that they had a right to force the king to constitute them his council of regency, and that the throne was not to be supported, unless the prince who sat upon it consented to bear their yoke.

‘Happy had it been for the prince, on whose independence this amazing attempt was made; happy had it been for the public if he had thrown himself upon his parliament then sitting, for protection against the insolence of a set of men, whom he had gratified with power, loaded with riches, and invested with honours! Had he done this, powerful as the confederacy might think themselves, the English generosity would have fired; the cause of injured majesty would have become the cause of a loyal public; and those ministers, whose undutifulness had only risen from excessive indulgence, would have learnt, that a king of England need only *feel* his own consequence to make those feel it who insult him.’

Next our author demonstrates the danger which arises to the sovereign power and public liberty, from the undue influence of ministers over the freedom of parliament, which becomes a mere state-engine in their hands, to stamp a value on the basest metal, and to give every bad measure the sanction of national consent. He then turns his eyes to the steady conduct of the present reign, the indiscriminate choice of good men out of all parties, and the sovereign’s placing near his own person, men who would owe nothing to ministerial importunity, because they always opposed ministerial influence. He admonishes the landed interest vigorously to oppose the election of money-jobbers to seats in the ensuing parliament, because their sole view is to purchase, by an implicit obedience to the minister, the contracts, the jobs, the subscriptions, the loans, the remittances, and a thousand beneficial employments in his gift. He exhorts the new parliament to stem, with vigour, the torrent of corruption, to enquire with diligence into the causes of the increase of our immense debt, and to devise effectual means of lessening the enormous capital, and diminishing the public taxes. The means he would seem to point out, are a religious application of the *sinking fund* to the payment of the national incumbrances, a thorough reformation of the innumerable abuses and frauds committed in collecting the revenue, and a rigid scheme of public œconomy. Even the single article of unnecessary pensions, which corruption has so amazingly increased, would be a considerable annual fund, to enable a virtuous



tuous monarch to pursue the glorious work of rescuing the state.

Our author likewise thinks it incumbent on a free and independent parliament, such as he hopes the ensuing will prove, to enquire immediately into the first rise and rapid progress of our present astonishingly multiplied incumbrances, and particularly to sift carefully to the bottom the state of the navy accounts. Upon this subject he seems extremely intelligent; but we are of opinion he glances with an invidious eye at certain individuals, which weakens the force of his arguments. Upon the whole, though possibly not without prejudices, passions, and private interests, our author writes with moderation, energy, precision, and that spirit of freedom becoming a British patriot, and an *honest man*.

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ART. XI. *A short Account of the Ancient History, Present Government, and Laws of the Republic of Geneva.* By George Keate, Esq; 8vo. Pr. 3s. Doddsley.

THE eye of a reader is immediately struck with the splendid appearance of this little performance, and the novelty of an English dedication to Mons. de Voltaire, with whom it seems our author had contracted an acquaintance abroad. The diminutive republic of Geneva becomes an object worthy regard from the wisdom of its constitution, the academic tranquillity of its subjects, and that primitive simplicity of manners, which eminently distinguishes this happy people. We behold it as the perfect model of a superb structure, where every part of the edifice is distinctly represented in miniature: we admire the harmony, proportion, and exact symmetry of the fabric, and, perhaps, the more because the eye can at one glance comprehend the whole object. Other republics attract our curiosity on account of their grandeur, power, antiquity, or some particular laws or customs: Geneva founds its whole importance on the philosophical construction of the government, and sage, regular, and truly stoical manners of the citizens. Mr. Keate, indeed, exhibits only a faint sketch of this republic; but even here we can trace the hand of a master, possibly too indolent to give the last finishing to his piece. What chiefly recommends this performance is its novelty. No writer that we know, except Spon, has touched upon the subject in so explicit a manner, as to merit the name of an historian. Travellers have contented themselves with the superficies, none of them attempting to disclose the secret springs of government, or describe the whole political machine, though,

from the constitution of Geneva, speculative writers upon government might deduce some excellent hints, which they might adopt with the less scruple, as they are confirmed by practice. Here we see the security of Venice without the tyranny of its state-inquisition, and the prudence without the prolixity of Holland. Every member of the state enjoys the most perfect liberty, and all are flattered with the hopes of one day bearing a share in the direction of the government. The sovereign power is invested in the *general Council*, the council of *two hundred*, and the council of *twenty-five*. The power of assembling the first council is lodged in the two last, probably as a barrier against democracy. The general council enjoys the legislative power, the council of two hundred the judicial, and the council of twenty-five the executive power; and both these last are reciprocally a check upon each other, as the council of twenty-five is elected by that of two hundred, which, in its turn, is convoked by the lesser council. By this means the government would seem to be equally hedged in against democracy on the one hand, and aristocracy on the other, though we are told by the most judicious modern travellers, that it has an inclination to the latter, yet for what reason we are incapable of perceiving. It is not sufficient that the judicious manuscript of Gautier should, as we are told, be suppressed, because he vindicates and extends the plebeian power; this would prove as dangerous to true liberty, as the enlargement of the prerogatives of the smaller departments.

We shall now give a sketch of the rights of the several councils, which our author calls their *attributes*. The general council is composed of the burghers who have attained the age of twenty-five years; their number usually amounting to 1500, exclusive of the members abroad in foreign countries. This council has the power of making laws; of electing the chief magistrates; of declaring peace and war; of forming alliances, raising subsidies; rejecting or approving all bargains respecting the exchange or alienation of lands belonging to the public; of borrowing money, and of renewing, augmenting, erecting, or altering the fortifications. We are not informed whether the decrees of this assembly are determined by a majority of voices; it is probable they are, to avoid altercation in so numerous a body, which would naturally arise, notwithstanding all matters are previously deliberated in the lesser councils. In electing magistrates, the several votes are religiously concealed, to prevent animosity and discord among the subjects of the state.

By the powers delegated on the council of two hundred, it becomes the supreme court of judicature; it has the prerogative of  
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pardoning criminals; of disposing of all important places; of electing the council of twenty-five, and of deliberating what shall be proposed in the general assembly.

The *little council* of twenty-five is chosen out of the members of the immediately superior council; and in this body is lodged the executive power of whatever respects the law of nations. It takes cognizance of all motions, which are not of sufficient importance to demand a meeting of the two hundred; of all trivial offences against the police and government of the city; of all civil causes without appeal, where the matter in debate does not exceed twenty-five pounds in value. It nominates to the smaller public employments; it summons the council of two hundred at pleasure; it has the management of the finances, and the power of creating burghesses. This council sits constantly; the general assembly meets every half year, and oftener on pressing emergencies; and the council of two hundred is convoked on the first Monday of every month.

It is remarkable that in Geneva there is no code of criminal punishment, but only of the process; even the civil code contains so few laws, that all determinations must, in a great measure, be arbitrary. However, the power of the judges is restrained by the liberty of remonstrance allowed to every citizen, and of appeal to the council of twenty-five, where the sentence is revised, and again recommended to the judges for their further deliberation. This is the fact, and not what Mr. Keate alledges, of every burghess's being allowed to make 'declaration to the magistrates of any abuse he conceives committed, or any plan which he imagines may conduce to the good of the public, on the receipt of which the council of twenty-five is obliged to debate.' Our author, though he differs from Spon in this material circumstance of the legislature, makes some pretty reflections on the tendency of this liberty permitted to the citizens, should they ever relax from the scrupulous exactness required to preserve the political balance. From this institution, so favourable to public freedom, arises another council, assembled only in difficult situations. When any affair of extraordinary delicacy comes before the council of twenty-five, they call thirty-five members from the council of two hundred, who with themselves constitute a body called the council of sixty. The utility of this council we must confess is to us extremely mysterious. It is certainly a mistake, that an assembly of sixty are capable of determining more equitably than another of twenty-five. Should it be imagined that increasing the number of the lesser council, is a greater security to liberty, why might not the affair be at once submitted to the council of

two hundred, to the general assembly, or at least to the union of the two smaller councils? This institution seems, therefore, to be a peculiarity in the government of Geneva founded upon no direct reason.

In this little republic the chief magistrates are the four syndics, chosen from the *little council*, and vested with the power of punishing, imprisoning, but not of pardoning after commitment; a lieutenant of police, annually elected from the same body; a treasurer-general; six *auditeurs du droit*, who take cognizance of petty, civil, and criminal causes; and a procureur-general, whose business it is to superintend those laws which respect the rights and dominions of the republic.

We cannot forbear mentioning one mode of punishment almost peculiar to Geneva, and not very consistent with the liberty and justice professed in the general plan of government. † If one (says our author) who is deemed guilty of a capital offence, flies from justice into a foreign state, process issues against him, and he is summoned several days by sound of trumpet, to appear by a certain time, and answer to his charge. If, in his absence, he is found guilty, upon the examination of witnesses, his effigy is painted on a board, with his name underneath, and is brought before the judges, who are seated on a tribunal in the open air; upon which, after a summary of the process is read to the people, the *first syndic* delivers to the secretary of the council his sentence, which being published, the effigy is carried to execution with the same formalities as if the criminal was himself present; from that time he is reputed civilly dead, and, if he should return afterwards, the state only proves his identity, and justice conducts him in reality to his fate.

This custom, it is apparent, may be productive of oppression and injustice. Let us suppose a man persecuted by a faction, or loaded with debts at the time he is accused of some capital offence. The fear of his creditors, or the malevolence of party, prohibits his appearing in his own defence. He is condemned upon such evidence as appears to the judges, though possibly the very circumstance that ought to acquit him lies concealed on account of his absence. Is it not unreasonable, that he should not be able to demand a re-hearing of his case; and should not the same reasons take place here as in civil causes, where, upon further proofs, a second trial is granted?

There is another law peculiar to this government, which we think bears hard upon the subject; it is the demand of ten per cent, made by the state, upon every man who alienates the whole,



whole, or a part, of his landed property. These imperfections, if they can be called such, are however amply compensated by a great number of admirable institutions, which deservedly render this form of government the wonder of the greatest politicians. As we cannot, however, without exceeding the limits prescribed to the article, pursue our author through the minutiae of the little republic of Geneva, it is sufficient we apprise the reader, that he has handled this subject more accurately and explicitly than any other author, unless we except Gautier, whose manuscript, it is probable, he has consulted.

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FOREIGN ARTICLES.

ART. XII. *Memoire sur les Defrichemens.* 12mo. Paris.

A Work honoured with the notice of the French government, and recommended to the attention and regard of every industrious subject, cannot but prove useful and acceptable in this country, notwithstanding the difference of our constitution, customs, soil, and climate. The general principles of agriculture and politics will at least be applicable to our situation, and frequently we may profit by the author's particular directions, which are always founded upon good sense and accurate experiment. He does not, in the manner of other political writers, launch out into vague speculations and refined reasonings upon the utility of husbandry; but taking that for granted, he exhibits a detail of precepts to guide the labours of the farmer, and instruct him in what he ought to perform, and what to avoid. His book is the result of observations, equally exact and easily practised; but to give it greater value, and render his knowledge more extensive, the ingenious author has traversed the greatest part of Europe, carrying with him that keen spirit of curiosity, which suffers nothing to escape his attention, and afterwards comparing, examining, and trying by experiment, the various methods of improvement, collected from the practice of other nations.

The work is divided into two parts: the first is merely practical, containing a clear detail of the different methods of clearing and fertilizing various kinds of soil: the second joins to practice a theory, calculated to confirm, extend, and facilitate the rules exhibited, to prove the advantages that will result, and encourage the landed gentlemen to cultivate the useless, fallow, barren parts of their estates. He begins with observations upon soils, which he divides into bad, indifferent, and good, describing each with great minuteness, the reasons  
of

of their barrenness, or fertility, and the means of improving the one, and preventing the other from being run out and impoverished. Next he proceeds to relate his practice for twenty years back, in cultivating his estates in Anjou; and the effects were such as cannot but afford satisfaction. To see barren heaths, and useless marshes, converted into fruitful fields and verdant pastures; to see a country before almost desolate, covered with houses, and filled with inhabitants, and the poor, naked, starving beggars, raised by the force of labour to plump, comfortable, and wealthy tenants, are the strongest recommendations of our author's skill, sagacity, and public spirit. With respect to the general political remarks dispersed through the performance, they proceed more from experience than reflection: they are, in general, borrowed from the practice of other countries; and the parochial police recommended, particularly with respect to the poor, has unsuccessfully been tried in England; a country, with all its wealth and industry, more oppressed than any other with vagrants and beggars.

Upon the whole, we doubt not but this performance will be well received in England; and to render it more universally useful, we should be glad to see a tolerable translation of a writer

*Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et arva.*

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ART. XIII. *Il libro di Giobbe recato dal Testo Ebreo in versi Italiani. Dal sacerdote Giaunto Cerutti, S. T. D. 8vo. Turin.*

**B**ESIDES the poetical merit of this translation of the book of Job, the ingenious author has shewn great critical sagacity in removing all those difficulties in the text, which have perplexed the learned. His preface is a beautiful dissertation on the genius of the Eastern tongues, and an excellent apology for the freedom and boldness of the version. It is astonishing, how he has been able to convey the daring metaphors, and turgid phraseology of the Hebrew, in the soft, effeminate language of modern Italy; yet this he has effected in a manner that equally evinces his genius and erudition.

Job, imprecating the hour of his existence, breaks out into the following truly poetical exclamation:

‘ O notte rea ! caligine profonda  
T’invalva, il nome tuo fra le sue notti  
Niun mese, e fra’ suoi dì nium anno accolga ;  
Ecco rimanti solitaria, e lieto  
Canto non foda in te, ti maledica  
Chi maledire i giorni infausti, e ognora  
A suscitar Leviatan è presto,’

By



By Leviathan, our author understands an evil genius, or spirit of darkness, invoked by inchanters in their magical orgies.

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ART. XIV. *Epître aux Muses sur les inconvéniens attachés à la Métromanie.*

**T**HIS ingenious writer complains in excellent rhimes to the muses of the pain, the toil, and the torture of rhiming; though his verses flow with so much ease, as convinces us that he was delivered of this pretty little production of the brain, without feeling the keenest throws of poetical labour.

The following specimen is sufficient proof of our assertion:

Depuis long-temps soumis aux loix de votre empire,  
Je cultive, sans fruit, le vain talent d'écrire.  
Dois-je continuer; & dans ce dur métier  
Faut-il perdre toujours mon temps & mon papier?  
Céderai-je au penchant dont la force m'entraîne?  
Ou par d'heureux efforts combattrai-je ma veine?  
Mais que n'ai-je point fait, pour vaincre ses accès?  
Que de moyens tentés & toujours sans succès!  
Cependant ma raison, critique pointilleuse,  
Applique sur mes Vers sa censure orgueilleuse,  
Sombre, inquiet, rêveur, loin du monde & du bruit,  
Je passe, à les polir, & le jour & la nuit.  
Leurs défauts importuns lassent ma patience:  
Tout m'arrête, le son, le nombre, la cadence.'

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ART. XV. *L'Art Oratoire réduit en Exemples, par M. Gerard de Benat. 4 Vols. 12mo. Amsterdam,*

**T**HIS collection of examples in eloquence is introduced by a prefatory discourse on the nature, powers, advantages, and object of elocution, in which the writer, without advancing any thing new, has displayed a considerable share of judgment and erudition. He divides his plan into fourteen chapters, treating under each of a separate part of oratory, and illustrating his precepts by extracts from the most celebrated writers, of whom he likewise gives a short character. Our author's genius in drawing, we by no means admire; a kind of sameness runs through all his characters; he wants that happy talent of touching only the distinguishing features. Voltaire, in a few pages of the second volume of his *Siecle*, does more honour to the wits of Lewis's reign (the celebrated æra of taste and

and literature) than the whole elaborate work of Benat.—Such is the superiority of genius over industry.

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ART. XVI. *Lettres Choies de Christine, Reine de Suede, à Descartes, Gassendi, Grotius, Boyle, Pascal, au Prince de Condé, au Duc d'Orleans, &c.* 2 Vols. 12mo. Paris.

IT has been the misfortune, says Mr. Harte, of this unaccountable princess, to have been more spoken of in histories and memoirs than half her female contemporaries; and, indeed, few persons have been so much the subject of ridicule and admiration, of satire and of panegyric. Christina, with the spirit, understanding, and elevated genius of a heroine, had the vanity and inconstancy of her sex, to which she sacrificed her throne and glory. She aspired at being supreme in literature, while she neglected the most difficult of all arts,—that of governing her people, upon which she might have founded solid reputation. She would be thought to have taste at the very time she was clipping the inimitable paintings of Titian, to make them fit the pannels of her gallery. The Roman consul, who told his soldiers, that if they broke the precious statues they were removing from Corinth, he would oblige them to put others in their place, did not betray more insensibility. Christina, in quitting her throne, imagined she should attract the admiration of all Europe; she believed, that neither the rust of time, or the love of novelty, should ever be able to obliterate an action so strikingly noble; but she only discovered her ignorance of the human mind. The ardour of public curiosity demands continual supplies; and Christina perceived, in the words of the celebrated Nani, after her abdication, that a queen without dominions is a divinity without a temple; her worship is soon neglected, and her name forgot. It was her sense of this truth which engaged her in a variety of intrigues, to recover the crown she had so wantonly resigned, and failing in this pursuit, to acquire the sovereignty of a people more barbarous than her own. This circumstance of her offering herself a candidate for the crown of Poland is little known, but well attested. It has escaped her elaborate biographer Arkenholtz, though it was perfectly well known at the court of France, as appears by her letters to the prince of Condé.

The editor of this collection says, that she intrigued by means of her agent at Warsaw, against the interest of the prince of Condé: but he probably means the prince of Conti, who was certainly a candidate at this time for the crown of Poland. He likewise speaks of Christina's letters to Grotius and Descartes, though we do not find a single line in the collection



collection to either of these celebrated writers. Nor is this the only blunder upon which he has stumbled in the very front of his performance. He mentions Christina's letters, written in 1651, to the duke of Orleans, regent of France; though we are pretty sure that prince had not then received his existence; the prince he means was grand uncle to the regent. Such egregious mistakes cannot but prejudice us against a publication, which comes recommended by nothing but the name of Christina, and the speciousness of a title page, that cannot be exceeded in effrontery by the most impudent scribbler in the loftiest apartment of Grub-street.

## Monthly CATALOGUE.

Art. 17. *The History of the Russian Empire under Peter the Great.*  
By M. de Voltaire. Vol. I. 8vo. Price 5s. Nourse.

**A**MONG the foreign articles of a former Number \*, we gave so minute an account of this excellent performance, that it would be unnecessary to resume the subject. It will be sufficient to remark in this place, that Mr. Voltaire has humorously ridiculed in his preface, the pedantic useless labours of those antiquaries, who spend their lives in tracing the origin of the most remote and ancient nations, through the various conjectures and labyrinths of doubt and perplexity. Thus, for instance, they now pretend to prove, that the Chinese are descended from the Egyptians. 'An ancient author informs us, that Sesostris the Egyptian went as far as the river Ganges; now if he went so far, he might go to China, which is at a great distance from the Ganges; therefore he went thither; therefore China was not then peopled; and therefore it is evident that Sesostris peopled China. The Egyptians at their feasts used to light up candles; the Chinese have lanterns; there can be therefore no manner of doubt but the Chinese are an Egyptian colony. Again, the Egyptians have a large river, and so have the Chinese; lastly, it is evident that the first kings of China bore the same names as the ancient kings of Egypt; for in the name of the family of Yu, we may find characters, which in a different manner of arrangement, will form the word Menes. It is therefore incontestible, that the emperor derived his name from *Menes* king of Egypt; and the emperor *Ki* is evidently king *Atots*, by changing *k* into *a* and *i* into *toes*.'

The translation is not incorrect, but we cannot call it elegant.

\* Vid. Critical Review, Numb. 58.

Art. 18. *Remarks upon the Trial of W. Sutton, Esq; By an Impartial Bye-Stander.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Sibthorpe.

After a supposed criminal has been solemnly tried and acquitted by the laws of his country, mankind are imagined to be fully satisfied of his innocence. How extraordinary then must it appear to see our feeble scribbler stepping forth the champion of a gentleman's fame, already sufficiently purified and whitened in the hands of those admirable bleachers, of the long robe? Is not this supposing, that the stains of brutal barbarity, and unmanly cruelty, have not been thoroughly discharged, and that the decisions of a court are not satisfactory proofs to the judgment of individuals? Could Mr. S——'s bitterest enemy have invented a more effectual method of destroying his fame, than by publishing remarks upon a trial, in which the evidences swore, in express contradiction to each other, without pointing out the circumstance that determined the jury to acquit him? Our author does not pretend to affirm, that there appeared any premeditated malice on the side of the prosecutor, who was an intire stranger to the person of the prisoner. He does not deny but the evidences were as clear, consistent, and explicit, against as for the prisoner. He does not deny but all the evidences swore, that the unhappy lady persisted to the last in declaring that she had received wounds from the hand of S———. He even allows, that the medical gentlemen declared the orifice, of what they called an abscess, greatly resembled a wound made by a penknife. He does not deny, that the evidence given before the court by the nurse, was diametrically opposite to what she swore at the coroner's inquest. He even acknowledges, that the testimony of the prisoner's best witness, was so daring and presumptuous, as to force a hiss from the audience. He gives no reason why the prisoner had not surrendered himself to justice before the death of the only evidence, supposed capable of determining his guilt or innocence, beyond dispute. He passes superficially over the steady uniform evidence of Elizabeth Honeyball. He treats in the same manner the evidence of Mr. Drake, a gentleman of credit, who swore that the unhappy lady declared to him she had two wounds, which must prove fatal to her life. He confesses, that captain Holland, and Ann Knight, gave a clear and circumstantial evidence, with respect to the constant asseveration of the deceased, that she had been wounded by the prisoner. He seems to imagine that the physicians opinion, that the eruptions, called wounds, were a critical discharge, ought to have more weight than the dying testimony of the sufferer. In a word,



word, he has done all in his power to render problematical an affair which the world would imagine sufficiently clear, from the jury's acquainting his lordship, that he might save himself the trouble of summing up the evidence. This is the misfortune of employing bad counsel; for we are well assured of our writer's sincere intention to serve his client. To conclude, we must avoid blaming the negligence of our advocate, in not commenting upon his lordship's reply to the jury, when the prisoner thanked him for the candour and justice he had shewn——'The jury are your judges, and not me.'

Art. 19. *An additional Scene to the Comedy of the Minor.* 8vo.  
Pr. 6d. Williams.

Mr. Foote here pays the tax which dulness is sure to levy upon genius.

Art. 20. *A modest, loyal, and unanswerable Apology, for not complying with the Orders (first or last) of the Lord Marshal, relating to a general Mourning.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Cooper.

The wit and argument of this performance are entirely thrown away upon shallow reviewers, too dull of apprehension to solve enigmas and fathom mysteries.

Art. 21. *An Occasional Epistle to W——— W---b----n.* 8vo.  
Pr. 6d. Cooke.

Our honest Quaker attacks with all the fury of zeal, and vehemence of loyalty, an expression unfortunately dropt by a right reverend writer, in the preface to his late edition of a performance, which has for years been a bone of contention to the critics. The doctor laments, that he had lived to see what the lawgivers have always seemed to dread as the certain prognostic of public desolation, that fatal crisis, when religion hath lost its hold on the minds of a people. This our author construes into a reflection on the present royal family, and of consequence labours strenuously to refute the allegation. The Quaker is not destitute of humour.

Art. 22. *Of Justification by Faith and Works. A Dialogue between a Methodist and a Churchman.* By William Law, M. A. 8vo.  
Pr. 6d. Richardson.

Those who are not already perfectly acquainted with the question here debated by a churchman and a methodist, will find their advantage in the perusal of this dialogue.

Art,

Art. 23. *The Subversion of ancient Kingdoms considered. A Sermon preached at St. John's, Westminster, on Friday, Feb. 13, 1761, the Day appointed for a General Fast. By J. Robertson, A. B. Vicar of Harriard in Hampshire. 8vo. Pr. 6d. Whiston and White.*

The ingenious author of the sermon before us, by striking a little out of the common road, has furnished us with more entertainment and instruction than generally arise from productions of this nature. He carries us through Assyria, Persia, Judæa, Ægypt, Athens, and Rome; calls to our minds the revolutions they all underwent, and points out the causes of those revolutions, observing very judiciously upon them, that when we review these, and the like tragical occurrences, we are apt to ascribe them to the fate of war, the negligence of men, or the ordinary instability of things, searching for natural causes, and, at the same time, overlooking the providence of God. From this consideration he is naturally led to serious reflections on our own state and condition, and laments in a masterly and pathetic manner, the luxury and degeneracy of the present age. 'Do we imagine (says he, speaking of the fast) that the bare proclamation of it will rescue a guilty nation from the brink of destruction? Will an occasional form of prayer operate upon us like a charm? Will the abstinence of a day atone for an age of riot and licentiousness? or, will a Being, of infinite holiness and wisdom, accept of apparent devotion instead of real piety, the hypocrisy of a flattering tongue instead of the sighing of a contrite heart?'

But we will not anticipate our readers pleasure by quotations: the sermon is to be purchased; and if they never spend sixpence worse, the world will never reproach them for their extravagance.

Art. 24. *A Sermon preached before the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in the Abbey-Church, Westminster, on Friday, Feb. 13, 1761, being the Day appointed by his Majesty's Proclamation for a General Fast and Humiliation. By Philip Lord Bishop of Bristol. 4to. Pr. 6d. Whiston and White.*

His lordship of Bristol has taken for his text, on this occasion, the following words: *There is no wisdom, nor understanding, nor counsel against the Lord. The horse is prepared against the day of battle: but safety is of the Lord.*

It is handled in a judicious manner: the stile is plain and simple, but not without elegance, strength, and propriety; and must



must have received great additional beauties from the mouth of a preacher, so distinguished for the peculiar grace and sweetness of his delivery.

Art. 25. *A Rational Account of the Nature and End of the Sacrament, by William Bishop of Gloucester.* 12mo. Price 6d. Millar.

Innovation is in no instance so dangerous as in points of religion. After the manly, simple, and rational account of the sacrament, written by Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, it were perhaps better, if our right reverend author had withheld this explication of the Lord's supper, which he calls a feast after a sacrifice. This opinion, though by no means new, may be considered in that light, because it had long given way to another more satisfactory; and the author ought to have reflected, that prejudice, vanity, and even conscience, are alarmed; that indolence and timidity tremble at the apprehension of novelty, in matters of so high consequence to salvation.

Art. 26. *Two Discourses delivered October the 25th, 1759, being the Day appointed by Authority, to be observed as a Day of public Thanksgiving, for the Success of his Majesty's Arms, more particularly in the Reduction of Quebec, the Capital of Canada. With an Appendix, containing a brief Account of two former Expeditions against that City and Country, which proved unsuccessful.* By Jonathan Mayhew, D. D. in Boston. 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Millar.

Readers who prefer history and politics to explications of the sacred writings, and the common subject of discourses from the pulpit, will find entertainment in the sermons of Dr. Mayhew.

Art. 27. *Letters to Correspondents. Containing Answers to A. and B. relative to the Liberty of the Press; and Answers to posthumous Letters written by C. in the Year 1742, wherein the genuine and apostolic Manner of administering an Institution of Jesus Christ, is debated with Freedom and Candour.—By the Author of a new Office of Baptisms, formed on the Plan of the New Testament.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Henderson.

As this performance contains little besides friendly altercation, whether our author ought to publish the letters of a deceased acquaintance upon baptism, we imagine the public will think itself not much interested in the correspondence.

Art. 28. *A Letter to the Honourable H—— S——, on his Entrance at the University in D——, A. D. 1761.* 8vo. Price 1s.

This performance is recommended by nothing besides the pious strain in which the writer gives advice, that has been a thousand times repeated by parents and tutors.

Art. 29. *Short Hand, adapted to the meanest Capacity. Wherein the Rules are few, plain, and easy; the Characters not burthen-some to the Memory; and the Hand shorter and more intelligible than any other extant: Together with the Principles on which it is founded. Also an Alphabetical Praxis, &c.* By Henry Taplin, of Chichester, Suffex. 8vo. Pr. 5s. Doddsley.

The utility of short hand is so obvious, that we should be extremely glad to see it arrive at some standard, and fixed upon certain invariable principles, which might give it the stability of an art; and this, however, we apprehend, is not to be expected from the performance now under consideration. The perfection of an art that has puzzled the heads of so many authors, can scarcely be expected from the little labour bestowed by Mr. Taplin; if what he tells us, in page ii, of his introduction, be true, viz. ‘that he has lately *amused* himself with forming it,’

To enquire into the properties of a *perfect* short hand, is a problem which we are astonished should so long have escaped the curious. It is with pleasure therefore we acquaint the public, that an ingenious essay upon this subject, by Mr. Lyle, inventor of the new mathematical instruments for describing spiral curves, is now in the press, and soon will be published. Until the appearance of this work we shall defer our most material observations, and content ourselves with a few obvious remarks on this production of Mr. Taplin’s, *now in view*.

Our author exhibits his plan in the following words: ‘In the first place I imagine, that any two consonants, which never meet in the same word, without a vowel between them, may be signified by two straight strokes, though drawn in the same position, if they differ only in length; provided different vowels are signified by different places; or if those vowels that are not signified by particular places, are so made as to join at either end, with every consonant.’

We must confess that we do not clearly perceive the excellence of this plan; nor how it can be the only consistent one, by which a short hand can be rendered intelligible. That, not only



only 'consonants which never meet in the same word without a vowel,' but as many of every kind as possible, be signified by simple characters, is certainly an excellence in short hand; but wherein the advantage of having 'any two consonants, that never meet in the same word without a vowel between them, signified by two straight strokes, drawn in the same position, and differing only in length,' is what we do not understand. For if the 'vowels are signified by particular places,' then the consonants must either be joined or not joined: if joined, how can the one be distinguished from the other, so as to know which is the first or last, when both together make one uniform straight line: if not joined, then they may as easily be drawn in different positions. Again, if there be vowels wrote between them, 'so as to join at either end with every consonant,' then surely it is no matter, whether or not the consonant that follows the vowel, be drawn in the same position with the consonant that goes before it, since the motion of the hand is altered in making the vowel. We apprehend too, that Mr. Taplin's characters for vowels are not very proper, as most of them are compound, and it seems particularly absurd to have two characters for the vowel *o*, which, as we do not remember to have seen in any other method of short hand, we must beg leave to think an innovation without any improvement.

Art. 30. *The History of the Man after God's own Heart.* 12mo.  
Pr. 1s. 6d. Freeman.

Though we admire the wit, the archness, and genuine humour of this entertaining writer, we could wish he had employed his talents upon a subject more beneficial, we may venture to say, less prejudicial to society. Ridicule thrown upon any part of the sacred writings tends immediately to diminish their influence; the vulgar are incapable of distinguishing between what is doctrinal and merely historical. If inconsistencies are pointed out to them in the latter, it naturally weakens their reverence for the former; the consequences of which, even in a political view, must, on reflection, be obvious to a writer of our author's discernment. It is not our intention to enter into a critical examination of a performance rather executed with genius than designed with judgment; our readers will be able to form an idea of the scope and manner of the writer from the following extract.

'There dwelt then at Maon, a blunt rich old farmer, whose name was Nabal. David hearing of him, and that he was at that time sheep-shearing, sent ten of his followers to levy a

contribution on him: making a merit of his forbearance in that he had not stole his sheep, and murdered his shepherds. Nabal, who, to be sure, was not the most courteous man in the world; upon receiving this extraordinary message, gave them but a so-so answer, attended with a flat denial. "Who, says he, is David; and who is the son of Jesse? there be many servants now-a-days that break away every man from his master. Shall I then take my bread and my water, and my flesh that I have killed for my shearers, and give it unto men, whom I know not whence they be?" Upon receiving this answer, David directly formed his resolution; and arming himself with a number of his followers, vowed to butcher him and all that belonged to him, before the next morning. And how was this pious intention diverted? Why, Abigail, the charming Abigail, Nabal's wife, resolved, unknown to her spouse, to try the force of beauty in mollifying our angry hero: whose disposition for gallantry, and warm regard for the fair sex, was, probably, not unknown at that time. Accordingly, she prepares a present, and goes to David, saying very sententiously—"upon me, my lord, upon me let this iniquity be:—judging very humanely, that could she get him to transfer his revenge upon her, she might possibly contrive to pacify him, without proceeding to disagreeable extremities. Nor was she wrong in her judgment; for we are told—"So David received of her hand that which she had brought him, and said unto her, go up in peace to thine house; see I have hearkened to thy voice, AND HAVE ACCEPTED THY PERSON. But whatever pleasure Abigail might have had, we do not find that Nabal was so well pleased with the composition his wife had made for him; for when he came to understand so much of the story as she chose to inform him of, he guessed the remainder, broke his heart, and died in ten days afterward. David loses no time, but returns God thanks for the old fellow's death, and then marries the buxom widow; together with one Ahinoam, a Jezreelite. For Saul had disposed of his daughter Michal to another.'

The story of Uriah's wife is related with the same ludicrous circumstances, and decency is quite shocked with the obscene reflection on David's dancing before the ark, with such alacrity as discovered his nakedness to the spectators.--"And of the maid servants of which thou hast spoken, of them shall I be had in honour." 'I would advise some staunch zealot (says our author) to take this part of David's answer, for his text; spiritualize it, and give the mystical sense of it: lest the prophane, who are content with the evident signification of words, should construe it to no otherwise than into a compliment on the proportion



portion of his parts : intimating that he had no cause to be ashamed of what he exposed.'

Such dangerous buffoonery needs no comment.

Art. 31. *The Plain Voice of Peace.* By G—— H——, Gent.  
born in 1703. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Scott.

Should the sale of this pamphlet correspond with its merit, we trust that kind providence will dispose of the writer in a sphere more suitable to his talents than the profession of an author, which, without some small share of learning and genius, affords but an uncomfortable subsistence.

Art. 32. *Ministerial Influence Unconstitutional: or, the Mischiefs of Public Venality.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Doddsley.

A trite exhausted subject is handled by this sensible writer with an air of novelty. His reasoning is conclusive, his manner spirited, and his reflections are solid and pertinent.

Art. 33. *Occasional Observations on the Civil-List Revenue.* 8vo.  
Pr. 6d.

The author of this little performance writes with the boldness of self-conviction. Assured of his perfect knowledge of the subject he treats, he speaks his sentiments with great freedom ; and from a review of the application of the civil-list revenue for the seven last years, he recommends the necessity of laying before the parliament a clear estimate of the funds appropriated for this purpose. Perhaps this proposal is not the less necessary, that the sovereign has been graciously pleased to accept of a sum in lieu of these funds, greatly inferior to their yearly value, since their produce must be applied to the other purposes of the national expence.

Art. 34. *Le Faux Patriote Anglois, ou Observations sur la Guerre presente D'Allemagne, Où l'Auteur réfute dans tous ses points le Système des Considerations sur la même Guerre. Lettre de Londres à un Hollandois. Premiere Partie.* 8vo. Pr. 2s. Becket.

Whether the author of this answer to the *Considerations of the German War*, had any other object in view than the instruction of the public, we will not pretend to determine : in this we may safely pronounce he has failed. He has indeed entered into a particular examination of that judicious performance, and stated every argument with abundance of candour ; but, alas ! he answers them only by a flat denial, and general vague assertions,

sertions, as if his intention had been to shew his Dutch correspondent his courage in attacking a writer so much his superior. Our author seems to have profited by the several answers published against the *Considerations*. All the positions repeated until they became hackneyed in the English language, he here retails as spick and span-new thoughts in the French. In a word, though he is not destitute of sprightly sallies, and ingenious notions, our author is so inferior in point of cool, deliberate, and conclusive argument to his antagonist, that we have no great desire to see the promised sequel.

Art. 35. *A Word to a Right Honourable Commoner.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Dixwell.

There is spirit and argument in this remonstrance. The author, tooth and nail, attacks the German war, the conduct of the c——r in c——f of the allied army, and the measures of the ad——n. He enquires into the causes of the failure of the late intended grand expedition; is severe on the miscarriage at Martinico; and though he flatters the zeal and capacity of the m——r, he remarks with abundance of acrimony upon his conduct.

Art. 36. *A Letter from a British Officer now in Germany: Containing many interesting Particulars relative to the Considerations: Humbly recommended to the Perusal of the Legislature, and of every free-born Briton.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Becket.

Notwithstanding our military author has revealed some melancholy truths, we must take the liberty of advising him not to step out of the way of his profession, until he is capable of separating what may appear new to his readers, from stale, trite declamation.

Art. 37. *Letters from Monsieur Maubert, to the Author of the Considerations on the present German War.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Kinnerley.

These letters, attributed by the editor to the sprightly, fruitful, disingenuous author of the Brussels Gazette, are keen and animated. The strictures on the *Considerations* deserve at least to be called spirited: they are the fruits of genius, if not of judgment. The pamphlet will be perused with satisfaction; and, certain grains of allowance being made, it may be read with profit.

Art.



Art. 38. *The Newtonian System of Philosophy adapted to the Capacities of young Gentlemen and Ladies, and familiarized and made entertaining by Objects with which they are intimately acquainted: Being the Substance of Six Lectures read to the Lilliputian Society, by Tom Telescope, A. M. and collected and methodized for the Benefit of the Youth of these Kingdoms, by their old Friend Mr. Newbery, in St. Paul's Church-Yard; who has also added Variety of Copper-Plate Cuts, to illustrate and confirm the Doctrines advanced. Pr. 1s. Newbery.*

Our good friend Mr. Newbery never appears to more advantage than when seated in the professorial chair, encircled by his admiring juvenile audience. He has here exhibited a course of natural philosophy, in a manner the most familiar and entertaining, at the same time that he adheres invariably to strict scientific principles. We are surprized, we must confess, into more knowledge than we could expect to find in a little performance, that pretends to no higher a title than the *Philosophy of Tops and Balls*.

Art. 39. *The Antiquarian School: or, the City Latin electrified. A Ballad. Dedicated, by Permission, to Sir Nicholas Nemo, Knt. by Erasmus Hearne, A. M. F. A. S. fol. Pr. 6d. Stevens.*

This little squib of imagination might have furnished some diversion while it bounced about among the private friends of the author.

Art. 40. *The Rise and Progress of the Foundling Hospital considered; and the Reasons for putting a Stop to the general Reception of all Children. 8vo. Pr. 6d. Sandby.*

This little pamphlet is recommended to the public notice by the peculiar elegance and precision with which the author has treated a subject of national importance. His intention is to vindicate the legislature for having lately repealed an act passed in the year 1756, for receiving into the hospital all foundlings, and supporting them at the publick expence. We cannot pretend to determine whether the facts are candidly stated; but if we admit them, the proofs are clear that the general plan proposed must be prejudicial to the kingdom, from the great mortality of a crowded hospital, where the children are ill-provided with nurses, or bred by hand, from the effects the hospital must produce on the morals of the people, from the encouragement it affords to idleness, and the check it gives to marriages,  
and

and, lastly, from the political inconvenience of rearing up a set of men and woman totally unconnected by any ties of relation or friendship, nurtured at a great expence, in a manner that can never qualify them for the more useful occupations of the state, either as soldiers, mariners, or servants.

We imagine, however, that some of our author's assertions are hardy, and that the same arguments, pointed against the general plan of the hospital, may, with equal propriety, be levelled at the private foundation: the physical and moral objections indeed will vanish, but the political and oeconomical will remain.

Art. 41. *The Authentic Trial, and Memoirs of Isaac Darkin, alias Dumas, capitally convicted for a Highway Robbery, near Nettlebed, before Mr. Baron Adams, at the Lent Assizes at Oxford, on Friday the 6th, and executed for the same on Monday the 23d of March, 1761. Wherein are given a faithful History of his Life; several original Letters, among which are those that were the Occasion of his being apprehended; his capital Conviction at Chelmsford; his conditional Pardon, and Return from Antigua; the Robbery of Lord Percival, and his Acquittal at Salisbury; together with his Behaviour after his Sentence at Oxford, and at the Place of Execution. fol. Pr. 1s. Baldwin.*

We cannot, in conscience, stretch a compliment to this memoir-writer, beyond allowing, that in the judicious choice of a subject, in elevation of stile, in solid reflection, and curious incident, he is not surpassed by many of the ingenious biographers of Tyburn heroes.

Art. 42. *The Compting-House Assistant: or, Book-Keeping Made Easy: Being a Complete Treatise on Merchants Accompts, after the most approved Method. Wherein almost all the Varieties that can happen in that useful Art are introduced, and explained in a concise and easy Manner. The Whole being divided into two Setts of Books, principally intended to supply the Defects of those already published, and for the Perusal of Youth during their Instruction at School, and in the Compting-House. Methodized in the Nature of Real Business. With a Supplement, shewing the Nature of negotiating Bills of Exchange, promissory Notes, &c. and a Collection of the different Bills and Forms of Business in Use among Merchants. By John Cooke, Master of the Academy the Lower End of Charles-street, St. James's Square. 8vo. Pr. 2s. Hooper.*

This treatise of Book-keeping is more compendious than any thing we have seen on the subject, and seems fully to answer the title.

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